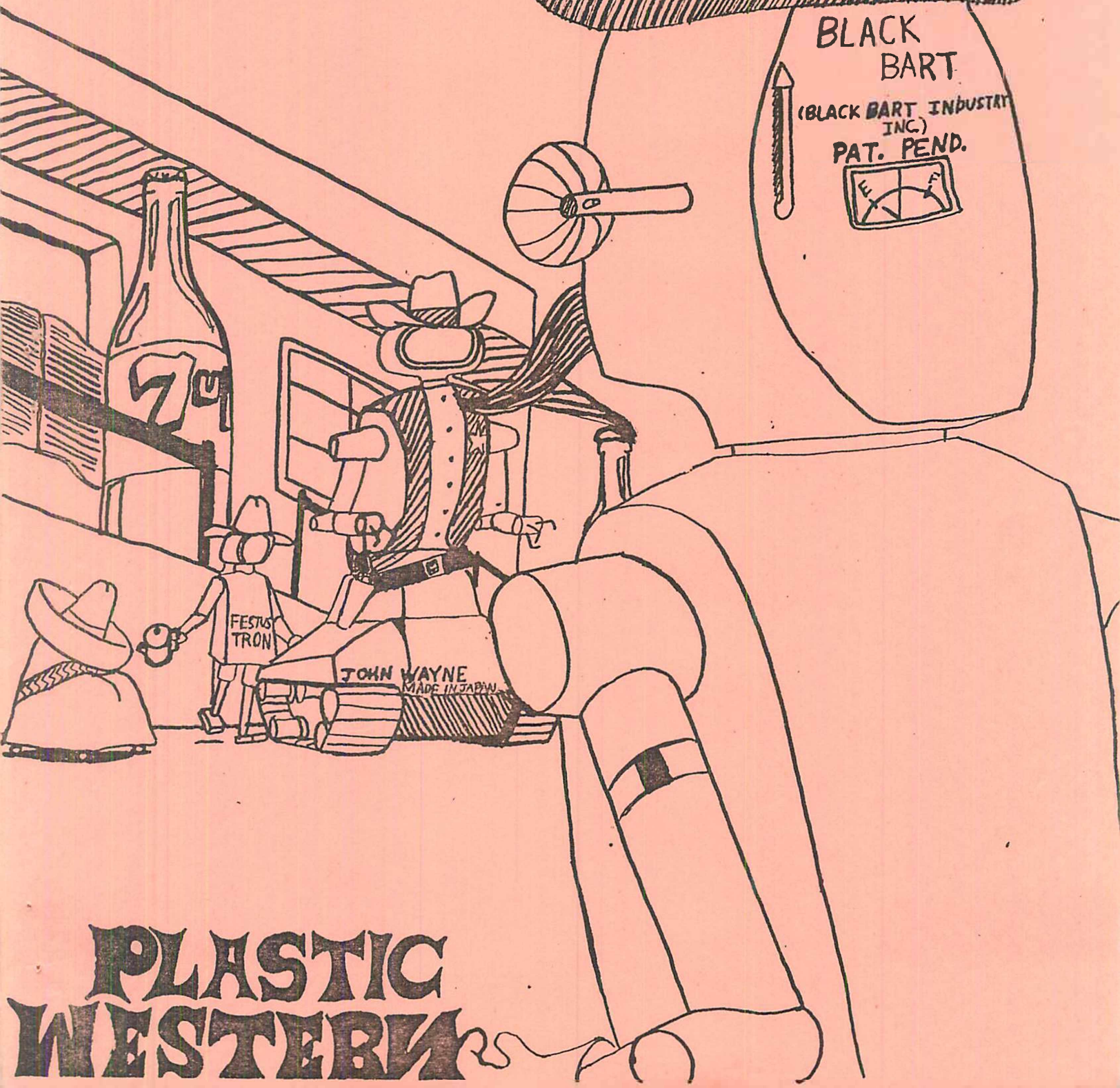
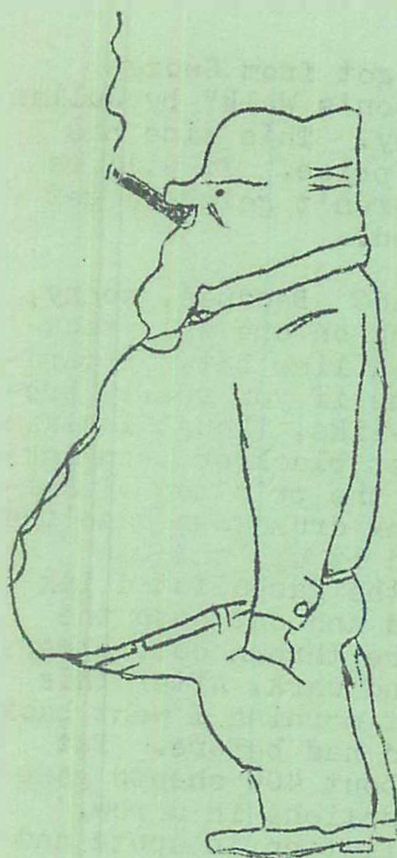


BACKLASH



PLASTIC WESTERN



GALACTIC JIVE TALES 'INERTDUCTION'

* by Mike Glycer * This is the story of a fanzine that was inspired and acquired in a single week ... and how it dragged out in a month and a half of production. Lane Lambert sayeth "Every faned has nine Mimeo Stories." Here you will read most of them.

The pleasanter part of the tale is show I got what you will read. "Free Form" is by William F. Nolan, who with George Clayton Johnson wrote Logan's Run. He leads the reader and listener on a winding discussion of SF history, problems with movie producers, and so forth -- the same discussion that absorbed the full attention of a roomful of 'Young Adult Librarians' (refers chiefly to section of library they run, but also could describe 99% of them). Wednesday Feb. 2 is when he appeared; and Richard Wadholm, Bryan Coles and I were also downtown to perform the unlikely function of filling the second half of the program he began. "Presenting Prehensile magazine," was the label we were given. Having been dragged out of bed at seven in order to leave Sylmar and battle rush hour traffic (which apparently had stayed abed) in Coles' car we showed up in plenty of time for the 9 o'clock rendezvous in the central LA library near civic center.

Having known for two months in advance that Nolan was going to be there to speak, naturally the first thing I'd done was forget to bring a tape recorder. And, also naturally, the LAPL couldn't scrounge one up for me. Dagnabit, I said. But incredibly enough Nolan and his wife came -- yes -- bearing a tape recorder. Now all this really doesn't make much of a story, but I'm gradually finding that the people you least expect to eagerly help you perpetrate your fanzine are not that way at all, and that it's the people you first think of asking for contributions (Warner, Patten, Geis, Ellison etc.) who are unable or unwilling to assist. This comes out so: not only did William Nolan give me permission to run his speech, he went home with the tape, transcripted and edited it himself.

After the intermission following his speech our trio went on and explained in an uncomplicated way the production and purpose of the genzine. What the audience of librarians really wanted to know, though, was our list of suggestions for books of SF every library ought to have. This was a heady experience for a trio of genziners who generally get hassled for seriously discussing SF at all let alone being asked to; and, LA readers, if your library should suddenly acquire a batch of SF books it didn't have before but should have, blame or thank us. (Most LAPLs I've been to have a good selection, but I got the impression it's not always so, since our list will be pubbed through the LAPL paper.)

II: MIMEO TALES Before I go on and explain how I got from George Clayton Johnson the satire "Johnson's Walk" by Julian Reid, I'll explain my above remark about mimeography. This zine has leapt from 120 to 175 print run, and increased its price. It will be 43 or so pages. I could make it 60 if my nerves weren't going to get the better of me. A few basic questions are involved.

(1) Why are some paragraph interspacings doubled? Because, sonny, the Locus review of P2 arrived in between the typing on one zine section, and before the rest, recommending that I skip a line between paragraphs to improve readability. So I shall. Tell me if you really prefer it. (2) Why are some pages faded and crudzine-like, though I claim to have whipped repro problems, while others are jet black or even ink-spotted? Wish I knew. It tore me apart to crud up the printing of Nolan's speech, so I got my father to clean out the ink drum with gasoline. Then we brought the mimeo back into the house, inked it up, and ran through the first stencil. We had not gotten all the gas-diluted ink out, so it dripped through the edges to the ink pad and out onto the pages as they went through. The worst examples were thrown out, others were left in, since otherwise the print was nice and dark. After this experience I let the mimeo sit overnight. The next morning I went back to it and experienced the same fadeout problems I'd had before. But after a couple cruddied pages came out (that is, about 400 sheets gone through) it shaped up and I got seven perfect productions in a row. But after a point the pad begins to either dry or flatten in spots and faded began anew. Thus the condition of Lambert's letter. I then quit for that weekend. I am typing this in preparation for the second run. Will I get good repro? That is always a question, never something I can guarantee. You will know by looking through.

III: BOTH SIDES NOW The LA Science Fantasy Society under Procedural Director Fred Patten has diverted to more discussion of science fiction's serious aspects during the program of each meeting. A LASFS meeting is divided between business and the program; business includes minutes, old & new, reviews, announcements and an auction (latter as part of announcements, by Bruce Pelz). Generally the end of business causes the emptying of the meeting room while everybody flees dreaded sercon for APA-L collating. Unless something s*p*e*1 c*i*a*1 is scheduled. A roomful of people materialized for an evening of George Clayton Johnson. He, the other half of Logan's Run, also provides the thing that would have been appropriate in New Elliptic: a second focus. (Ref: geometry.)

Attacked by audience's cannibalistic applause, Johnson, half of the collaboration, scriptwriter too, walked to the partly-elevated platform at the front of LASFS' meeting room in the back of Palms Playground. (Overland at Santa Monica Fwy. Thursdays at 8:00) Johnson looks like a retired cigar store Indian, bronzed from the sun, with long, flatironed metallic hair, hand gripping a selection from his novel-in-progress The God instead of stogies. Seated he tends to hunch over the table, presenting the glassed-over planes of his eyes.

Waiting: a raw audience, ready for molding. Johnson molds. The God comes out of its blue-lettered envelope, the lettering Johnson's name as executed by Rotsler. In dedicated quiet the likes of which no LASFS chairman ever sees his introductory words flow out. Then he reads the

11-page slug.

It is the thrumming word collage of a man sent into lobotomy. The lobotomy is a politically motivated thing, if The God is sane, a simply cruel thing (a la One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest). The black and white satanism of institutional personnel involved in this operation are engraved on the story line with a few select lines. Johnson tends to simple descriptions of the antagonists, to sketch them as smugly evil and perverted. There is hairbreadth escape, chase through the night, and a confrontation on the shoulder of a freeway as The God is closed in on two sides by police, boxed in by fence and traffic. But a yellow convertible pulls up, a woman inside, urging The God to get in. They escape.

Between episodes there is also a page's worth of Johnson's writer's litany; genuinely funny and perfectly true, ribald in a small four-letter sense of the meaning, and if I ever get the chance you'll see it here. Don't hold your breath, though.

By the end of this reading it's easy to see how Johnson and Nolan could have worked together so well; their writing styles aren't far apart. And at the end of the reading the house erupts with applause (applesauce). "Bravo, Johnson, bravo. More!" is the atmosphere of the long, brightlit shed.

Out from another Rotsler-lettered envelope comes his encore. George Clayton Johnson was one of the week-long instructors at "Clarion West" last summer when he alternated with Delany, Johnson, Ellison, LeGuin and the cast of thousands at Seattle's branch of the University of Washington. One of the students, so he tells, was Julian Reid. Reid is a genius of humanities; for instance, he's read thousands of books and of each he has a file card reviewing it. In the mountain of literature happened to be science fiction -- even down to the fanhistory level, it seems, for when he showed up one day with "Johnson's Walk" (printed in this issue), his satire of GCJ's writing, its dedication included names like Chapdelaine, RM Williams, Arthur Leo Zagat and Claude Degler. As George reads the satire it is funnier than hell. All the verbal nuances come through.

While he read that the LASFS crew was also responsive, laughing their heads off and giving him another shower of applause at the end.

From there Johnson's visit coasted comfortably on to its end, discussing professionalism ("I think one has to do two of any thing before he can be called a
(continued p. 33)



Excerpts from a "free-form" talk on the "fathers" of science fiction, LOGAN'S RUN, the young adult of yesterday and today, and related topics delivered to the All City Meeting of Young Adult Librarians 2/2/72 at the LA Public Library.

I am always amused at the term "the father of science fiction" since there are so many fathers. Each authority in the field has his own favorite "father" of science fiction; he'll pound the desk and tell you that "Hugo Gernsback is the father of sf!" Another will shout, "Plato! The true father of sf!"

Well, I can't go back any farther than Plato...but I'll get to him in a moment. First I want to show you something...

(holds up book, Adventures in Time and Space)
Here's a book I had nothing to do with -- except buy it. 997 pages for \$2.95 -- and that's really science fiction! It contains many of the early classics of sf, and is a trailblazer, in that it appeared from Random House in 1946, which gave pulp science fiction the imprint of excellence. Sf had become respectable, and people were saying, "Gee, since Random House puts out a book like this maybe I ought to try the stuff."

But science fiction's been around for a long while, from Plato on down, if one wants to credit him with a beginning...which is what the late August Derleth did in a book he edited called Beyond Time and Space in which he traced sf back through the ages... Frankly, much of it is boring to me. It's more fantasy than sf, though one always gets into trouble trying to define these terms... when Plato writes of Atlantis he deals with a Lost Continent; is this sf or is it fantasy? Anyhow...Mr. Derleth takes us to Lucian, to Sir Thomas More, Rabelais, Campanella, Francis Bacon -- and then we get into Swift, and Poe -- who could be termed the father of many genres, from mystery to sf. Jules Verne, of course, is one of the fathers of science fiction...wait a minute!

(gets out some notes)

This is a free-form speech; even I don't know what I'm going to say next. I have some notes here, some dates. Plato, 370 BC -- Lucian's moon trip was circa 165 AD -- Sir Thomas More's Utopia came in 1516 and then we have Cyrano de Bergerac's Voyages To The Moon in 1659 -- he's another father of sf to many scholars -- and on to Vern and his Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea in the late 1800s. Then along comes yet another father of science fiction, H. G. Wells, with The Time Machine, his first "scientific romance" (that's what they called them at the time) in 1895, which I consider, personally, to have formed the real start of science fiction. Wells was a true, absolute science fictioneer if you want to be pure about the term -- which, of course, you can't be!

Now, Hugo Gernsback, I think, is an interesting character. He invented the word "television" In a terrible story he wrote, Ralph 124C 41+, printed in 1911 in Modern Electrics magazine which he published. But I'm getting ahead of myself...

FREE FORM * WILLIAM NOLAN

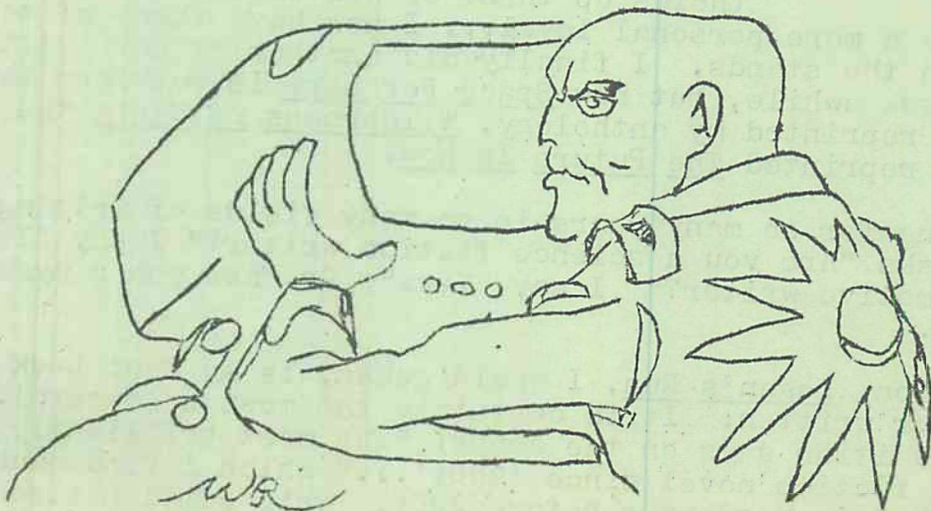
In 1912 a story appeared called Under The Moons of Mars by Norman Bean. He turned out to be Edgar Rice Burroughs, who didn't want his name on the thing. But it did appear in book form under his real name as A Princess of Mars.

In 1923 Weird Tales appeared, which is the magazine I began reading as a youth in Kansas City in the 1940s -- but the birth of sf as we know it today happened in 1926 when Amazing Stories came out. Old Gernsback was at it again. He'd gone through several magazines, Science and Invention and so forth, until he came up with Amazing Stories -- which reprinted H.G. Wells, among others. Hugo was very proud of the fact that he was printing science stories, with fiction as a secondary consideration. As a result he brought a great deal of bad sf into the pages of Amazing, stories in which the characters were more robotic than the robots -- which started the whole bug-eyed monster maiden-in-the-clutches-of-a-sex-crazed-gorilla school of science fiction that we're still trying to live down. In fact I have a sex-crazed gorilla in the hallway who will verify my point...

Next we come to Astounding, which had quality. Harry Bates began editing it, then it moved to the hands of John W. Campbell, Jr. The field of modern sf was off and running!

In 1938 another "father" of science fiction, Orson Welles, a 23-year-old genius, rocked the entire nation with his radio version of War of the Worlds...and the first world science fiction convention was held just a year later in 1939, when Forry Ackerman, from Southern California, donned silk tights and journeyed with his young friend Ray Bradbury, aged 19, all the way to exotic New York! This was, however, not the birth of sf fandom. No, these "scientifiction fans" can be traced all the way back to the 1920s -- when Gernsback commented on some strange letters he was getting. By the third issue of Amazing he was discussing certain readers who seemed to have a tremendous knowledge of the field. He dubbed them "scientifiction fans."

But let's move forward to "modern" science fiction: end of World War Two, opening of the Atomic Age, and full circle to the book I mentioned, Adventures in Time and Space, which Random brought out in 1946. By 1950 sf was really in high gear with Bradbury's The Martian Chronicles



which is when I came into the field. I began to get really interested in 1950. I'd been reading sf from the 40s in Kansas City in such publications as Famous Fantastic Mysteries -- and I got onto Bradbury through his work in Weird Tales, which led me to his Chronicles.

I met Ray when he was 29, a month after the book had appeared, in June of '50, when he was living in Venice. I remember the first time I went to see him he was installed with his wife in a small place behind his parents house. He had a small baby, Susan, at that time (I recently attended her wedding reception, which shows you how long ago this was) and when I asked for him at the front house they said, "Oh, you mean 'Shorty.' He's out back writing one of those crazy stories of his!" As indeed he was.

(pulls out more notes)

In fact, the first professional thing I ever did involved Ray. This was The Ray Bradbury Review. In early '52 I had 1200 copies printed -- and it took me 20 years to sell them all! Even the LA Library sent for a couple of copies -- it's down in the stacks -- so I actually made a profit on my \$300 investment.

For years, people didn't know what to call science fiction; the genre was confusing to them. Here (holds up book) is a volume called Portable Novels of Science, edited by Don Wollheim for Viking Press in 1945. As late as this publishers were still not sure how to handle sf; "novels of science" was as close as Viking could then come to a term for the field. The first paperback anthology was The Pocket Book of Science Fiction, also edited by Wollheim, from Pocket Books in 1943 and the blurb writers didn't know what to make of it. On the back they declared "the strangest thing of all is the fiction that becomes truth ..."

The earliest hardcover collection was The Other Worlds, going back to 1941, and this was subtitled "Modern Stories of Mystery and Imagination." Again the term science fiction was not employed by the publisher.

So... sf has had a checkered career; it has become respectable only through a slow maturation process in which a lot of "fathers" were involved...

(holds up three of his books)

To bring this to a more personal level... I now have three sf books of mine currently on the stands. I finally did another sf novel after Logan's Run -- it took awhile, but now Space For Hire is out from Lancer Books, and Dell has reprinted my anthology, Wilderness of Stars the same month Playboy Press reprinted The Future Is Now.

I've been working for so many years in so many fields of writing that when someone asks "Are you a science fiction writer?" I say "Yes." Or "Are you an automotive writer?" I say "Yes." Or, "Are you a mystery writer?" I say "Yes."

In science fiction, Logan's Run, I would guess, is my best book of the 10 I've edited or written. It is certainly the most successful. The Dell paperback edition says on the cover: "The most brilliantly imaginative science fiction novel since '2001'..." which I find amusing since it was published in hardcover before 2001. This edition also

says "Soon to be a Major Movie!" -- which is sad, because although Hollywood paid us many, many dollars (to me and George Johnson) the book is not going to be a major movie.

I have talked to the pundits, the nabobs, the men who sit behind giant desks smoking rolled-up producers -- and they say "no, no.. we can't make it now. It's too dated. Should have been produced four years ago!" And I say, "But it's set 150 years in the future." They shake their heads. "You notice these kids aren't burning down the administration buildings any more..." And I say, "But this takes place long after the last administration building has gone up in smoke."

Well... Richard Maibaum, the James Bond film-writer, did one of the screenplay versions for MGM after they scrapped ours. That's the first thing you must do in Hollywood, by the way. "Where's the author's screenplay? Ah, here it is -- scrap it!" They offer \$125,000 to a man who's never read your book; he rushes in from Paris and tells you he loves your novel, whatever it is, and the next thing you're getting a call from Frascati's from this fellow who's sitting in a booth and wants to talk to you because he doesn't know what this crazy book is all about but he's got to write a screenplay on it...

So George and I go over to Frascati's and spend a very entertaining hour or so talking to Mr. Maibaum about how to adapt Logan's Run to the screen. Which all leads to nothing. First George Fal is going to produce it, but they ace him out at MGM. They bring in George Roy Hill. What's he done? Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Perfect for science fiction! He says he wants Vonnegut. So he goes on to do Slaughterhouse Five. And Logan goes on the shelf, where it sits... They look at it, now, the way one looks at Uncle Tom's Cabin... "Too late," they mumble, "too late." It's all negative thinking...
(brings out a notebook)

Ah, I know you want to know what I read as a child -- and, luckily for you, I have a listing right here... starting with Captain America and Sub-Mariner and Batman and Bomba the Jungle Boy, the Tom Swift books, G-MEN ON MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, that's a classic! and MOKEY MOUSE THE MAIL PILOT, which is a Big-Little Book (and will cost you \$8.50 in today's nostalgia market) and then I got into THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT by Burroughs, went through the dog stories of James Oliver Curwood, and with THE LOST WORLD by Doyle was being slowly drawn into the maw of science fiction, went on to Grapes of Wrath, For Whom the Bell Tolls, etc. But like Bradbury, I'm not ashamed of the fact that I read comic books, Big-Little Books, Tom Swift... They are the raw material out of which a writer works. We are all part of our childhood; we cannot work out of a vacuum. We work out of what has excited us, influenced us.

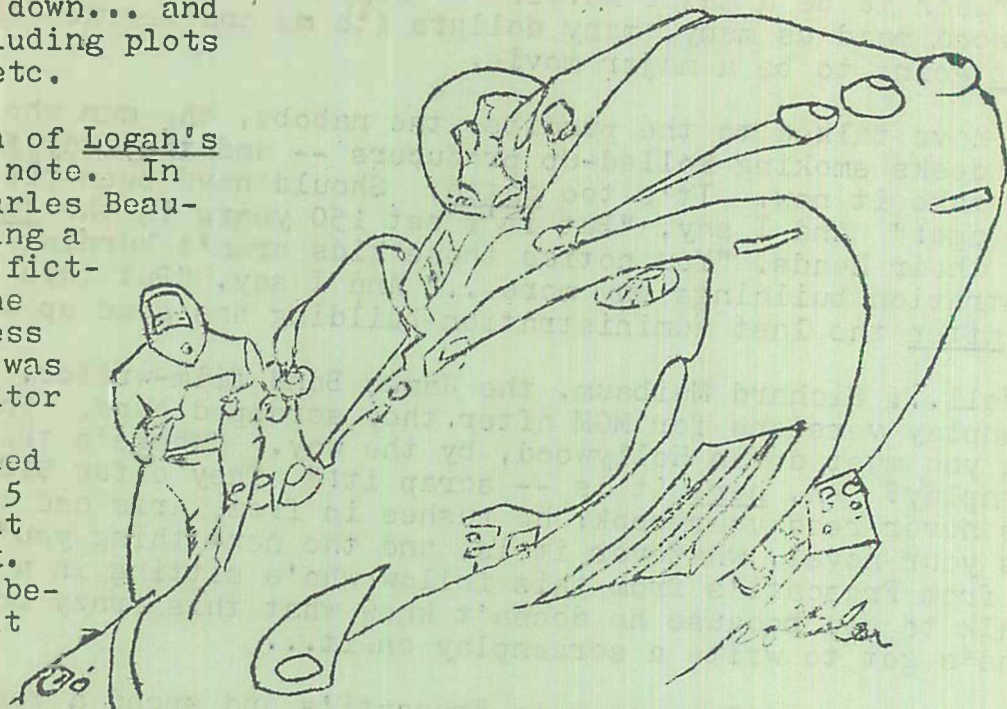
Our dedication on Logan's Run is two pages long...and it is a debt payment. In it we celebrate our influences small and large -- from comic strips to classics. Frankly, I get annoyed with writers who deny their "popular" past, who tell you they began with Dickens at age 9, though in truth they were probably reading Captain America, Sub-Mariner and Batman!

(holds up notebook)

I could read you 400 pages of "coffee shop notes" I go into these coffee shops and listen to strange conversations...from maniacs, psychos and other interesting people who frequent these late night places -- and

I write all this down... and much else -- including plots for sf stories, etc.

The root idea of Logan's Run began with a note. In 1963 the late Charles Beaumont was conducting a class in science fiction at UCLA and he asked me to address the students. I was then managing editor of a new sf mag, Gamma (which failed gloriously after 5 issues), so I went out there to talk. And on the way I began to think about the well-known



phrase "life begins at 40." And I thought, what if life ended at 40? What if they had a law in the future which called for the elimination of anyone who reached the age of 40? These seemed a simple way to get across to those students the idea that science fiction is often a reversal of a current norm. At the time, it was nothing more than that in my mind.

A year or so later I was over at George Johnson's (who wrote TV then for Twilight Zone and other shows) and I mentioned this plot twist as an idea for a story I was thinking of writing. He got excited and claimed the idea would make a terrific movie. "Let's do it as a speculation screenplay and see if we can sell it?" I said no, that I didn't want to do it directly for the screen, but that we might be able to do it together as a novel and then, if sold, as a screenplay. Neither of us had ever written a novel -- and we decided that the best method for getting one done was to hole up in a motel and crank the thing out there. This was in July of 1965. We chose a motel in Malibu, cut the death age to 21, and spent three weeks writing the first draft. 50,000 words, spelling each other at the typewriter, working maybe 12 hours per day.

Then I went up with the rough draft to San Francisco, to do the "polish" on it, to meld all the rough pages into a smooth final form, working alone there. Back in LA George went over it and we cut a bit here, added a bit there. Basically that was it; that was the version we took to an agent and said, "We want \$100,000 dollars for this." The agent said "Go away." We took it to another agent who also told us to go away. But a third agent said, "yes, I want to handle it," and we submitted it to four publishers at once, telling each of them that three others had it and they had 30 days to make a bid. This worked! Dial Press bought it. And suddenly we had a publisher.

We worked our way through many would-be producers... Walter Wanger wanted to make Logan as a follow-up to Cleopatra; he died, fortunately,

before this could be accomplished! Then we got \$10,000 option money from a man named Stanley Canter whose HORNET'S NEST with Rock Hudson is, thus far, his only contribution to cinema art. He wanted to make Logan -- but we finally hooked into MGM. I recall we were both low on funds at the time and, first, MGM said, "We'll pay you \$60,000 for the property." We said, hah, that we'd turn up ideas for \$40,000...and held firm to our asking price of \$100,000...although the palms of our hands were wet. Well, after a weekend they came up with the full price. That was in 1967. Today, with the industry the way it is, we'd grab 60 with both hands! Nobody is getting 100 grand for any science fiction novel.

To sum it up, it was keen -- and I recommend it to all of you: go down to the Malibu Sands Motel, work there for four weeks, and make \$138,000. If we did it, so can you!

Here's a science fact for you: I have a note here that says there are 100 billion stars in our galaxy -- and since each star may have its own planetary system, it figures that the chances for intelligent life are fantastically high.. and this, I think, is the excitement of science fiction, the promise of science fiction, the idea that they are waiting for us.

(reads a book review of Logan's Run,
tying in young adults)

...Well, who or what is the young adult in 1972? Compared, let us say, to the young adult of the 1940s (which is when I grew up). In those days Roosevelt was a saint, Hitler was a devil; there were no grays in life. We were authority-oriented, sexually naive, scientifically undemanding -- a romantic lot who had radio, that less-than-sophisticated entertainment medium. We were still growing with the country -- in effect we were still ~~gr~~ the children of frontier America. In the 1970s we have the children of the space age; we have young people who question authority, who demand honesty in writing and life, who are more mature and, through television, become oriented to fast past, twists, shocks -- whose opinions are in constant flow. Science fiction provides them with speculation, a springboard for their mental expansion. Stand by a science fiction display in any large bookstore and you'll find very young people reading books that we, in the 1940s, would have turned away from for Tom Swift. The level of maturity in the young adult is now so much higher; he is moving toward a true realization of self. As man changes, his young change with him, and that is what has happened. The young adult of today is no longer content with the romantic idealism of the 40s, or with its easy answers. He lives at an accelerated pace. He wants speed in reading, in his life, in his science fiction.

Science fiction today must offer more than a beginning, a middle, and an end; the reader demands more. For example, I just sold a new story last week, for an original anthology of sf, in which I combined seven short vignettes seemingly unrelated to one another wherein a series of people die violent deaths in the future. At the story's end we find out, quickly, that a ship has been circling our globe and that two aliens have been attempting to enter Earth bodies -- but that each body entered is triggered into a violent death. I don't explain why these particular aliens trigger sudden death in earth bodies, and I don't think the reader needs to know why, or cares to know why. The idea is simply there; I present it; I show the deaths and I end the

story when one alien admits to the other that "penetration is impossible here. We'll move on. We have many suns, many worlds." And the other says, "I love you." And that's the end. A very strange science fiction tale for the 1940s, but a very typical one for the 1970s...

Before I open this session for questions, I want to read you -- from my notebooks -- my personal definition of science fiction. Fiction is, quote, "my wife got me a bike for Christmas." Science fiction is, quote, "my bike got me a wife for Christmas."

(he is asked to describe some of his close friends in sf)

Ray Bradbury is one of my closest friends; I've known him for nearly 22 years. He's a wild man, full of fun and brimming with life, rolling around town like a human football -- a joy to be with. Ron Goulart, who lives in Connecticut, is another good friend of mine. He projects a kind of dark, glowering exterior, yet he writes very funny material. So you'll find this kind of contrast.

(he is told that Logan's Run might well have won a Hugo had he, Nolan, been more "involved" in sf on a fan level -- and how does he feel about this?)

That's difficult to answer. I was a fan for years; I went to all the conventions, put out a fan magazine, was co-chairman of the San Diego Westercon in '52 -- but I simply moved away from fandom as a pro writer. Yet I go back, from time to time; I recently talked to LASFS; I still contribute to fanzines on occasion, but I really don't have time to pursue fan activities any longer. Certainly not on any kind of regular basis.

I respect fandom -- as a start toward the expression of imagination, but I think most of us move out of it into professional writing, or editing, or what have you.

(he is asked if he is "afraid of what the future might hold for man, for Earth")

In some ways, yes, as we all are. I'm afraid of overpopulation; I'm afraid we're using up our oxygen, that we're polluting our oceans, making bombs which could wipe out our race... As thinking people we must be afraid of the future to some degree -- but me, I work out my fear on paper; I write about my fears, put them into a form I can deal with and then I move on. I don't dwell on it, brood about it. In this respect, being a science fiction writer, I guess I'm lucky. It helps keep me sane.

That's it for now. Thank you very much.

Since I have the information on hand, readers might be interested in biographical notes on William Nolan. He has been active in the field since 1950. Was co-chairman of the 1952 Westercon in San Diego; edited and published THE RAY BRADBURY REVIEW in 1952; helped found the San Diego Fantasy Society with Cleve Cartmill and others; member of LASFS.

As an sf author: IMPACT 20 (short stories), 1963 from Paperback Library. Intro by Bradbury. LOGAN'S RUN (w/Johnson), 1967 from Dial Press -- Dell in pb. SPACE FOR HIRE (novel), 1971 from Lancer books. Nolan says, "Won a 1970 MWA Special Edgar Award for my book HAMMETT. In total, in all fields, I've sold 25 books, 400 mag items, and have had work selected for 55 anthologies." He has edited seven anthologies.

SATIRE BY JULIAN REID, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, SEATTLE

JOHNSON'S WALK

by William F. Logan and George Clayton Bogart

Soon to be a MAJOR MOTION PICTURE !!! © 1971. All rights reserved.

DEDICATION

To all the mind freaks we threw up with:

The Bugaloos
Arthur Leo Zagat
Sergeant Joe Friday
Carrie Chipman Catt
Brenda Starr, Reporter
Smilin' Jack
Harlan Ellison
J. Edgar Hoover
Casper the Friendly Ghost
James Fenimore Cooper
Perry N. Chapdelaine
The Hardy Boys
Lassie
Ma and Pa Kettle
Captain Future, Grag the Robot, and Otho
Billy Graham
The Beverly Hillbillies
Norman Vincent Peale
Mighty Mouse
Abbott & Costello
Irwin Allen
Sol Cohen
Captain Marvel
The Doom Zombies
One Crunch But the Eggplant Over There
Nancy
Tom Corbett, Space Cadet
Stewart Granger
Joe Schlumpf
The Button-Down Boys at Creepsville High
God
The Purple Cow
Paul W. Fairman
Spiro & Dick
Kirk of the Enterprise
The Green Hand
Wonder Woman
Speed Dash
Robert Moore Williams
Roger Mudd
Tom Swift, Jr.
Godzilla
Claude Degler
Alan Ladd
Marvin Sterk Weisenheimer
Julian Reid

Johnson walks.

Walks, strides, minces, paces, perambulates. Across America, across Africa, across Europe, across Asia, across Australia and Antarctica, across the frozen barriers of the Arctic wilderness and the wind-piled dunes of the sands of Mars. Walking, walking, walking, forever walking.

WALK
DONT
RUN.

Johnson ran once instead of walking. Ran, jogged, gasped, plunged headlong forward. Too bad, Johnson, it wasn't worth it. These boots are made for walking, not for running in. Do you want corns, corns, athletes8 foot, eh, Johnson? No sir no sir so,

Boots boots boots boots moving up and down again

Boots full of feet, what else.

Johnson's feet.

The feet Johnson is walking on.

Moving up and down, up and down, up and down.

Johnson knows how to move his feet.

Johnson is on the walk. Listen;

*

Picture a world -- twenty-five billion people. None of them any different from you and me. Twenty-five billion, all alike, like twenty-five billion peas in the great green greasy world-pod. Twenty-five billion -- way too many.

What is to be done?

What would you do?

Listen:

this is what they decided to do.

ANNIHILATE all the A's -- Aldiss Anderson Anthony Asimov Atwill

BRASS-KNUCKLE all the B's

CATASTROPHIZE all the C's

DISMANTLE the D's

EXTERMINATE the E's

F*U*C*K* the F's

GESTICULATE the G's

HARRY the H's

INNOCULATE the I's

J E L L I F Y T H E J ' A S

every m-----fuckin' one of them:

Judas

Jorgenson

Jones jones jones (always plenty of joneses)

Joyce (James)

Jarrell (Randall)

Joplin (Janice)

JONAH

ANDooo

JOHNSON		J.C.		JOHNSON.	J
JOHNSON		J.C.		JOHNSON	.
J.C.	JOHNSON	J.C.		JOHNSON (J.C.)	C
J.C.	JOHNSON	J.C.	JOHNSON	(J.C.)	.
	J.C.	JOHNSON	JOHNSON	(J.C.)	J
	J.C.	JOHNSON	(J.C.)		O
	J.C.	JOHNSON	JOHNSON	(J.C.)	H
J.C.	JOHNSON	JOHNSON	JOHNSON	(J.C.)	W
JOHNSON	JOHNSON	JOHNSON	JOHNSON	JOHNSON (J.C.)	
J.C.JOHNSON	J.C.JOHNSON	J.C.JOHNSON	J.C.JOHNSON	J.C.JOHNSON	J.C.JOHNSON

Walk, Johnson, walk! Walk for your life!
Johnson walks.

*

Johnson is walking.

He places one foot on the ground and then advances the other.
He places the latter foot on the ground and then advances the former.
He places the former foot on the ground and then advances the latter.
(That's the way to walk, Johnson!)

He has been walking in this fashion for a long long time?

Johnson's walk has taken its toll on him. His feet are troubled by: acne bunions carbuncles diabetes enemas fallen arches gout hangnails jaundice kallouses leprosy mildew odors panhellenism quinsy rachmaninoff servomechanisms teleology unitedstatesofamerica varicose veins wasps xenophobia yaws zymurgy. His mind is troubled by: zymurgy yaws wasps varicose veins unitedstatesofamerica teleology servomechanisms rachmaninoff quinsy panhellenism odors mildew leprosy kallouses jaundice isaacasimov hangnails gout fallen arches enemas diabetes carbuncles bunions acne. N is his lucky letter: it signifies Nothing which troubles him.

Johnson is tired of walking the moonpavements. Johnson is fagged out.

*

A yellow convertible comes to a stop before him.

Out of it leans a fairy princess; she is:

naughty	naked	nifty	narrowminded
nubile	nice	nowledgeable	nearsighted

She cries out: "Enter, Johnson, you need walk no longer."

"Never!" cries Johnson: "never!; I am on the walk!"

The woman wheedles him. Her hair is like moonlight, her eyes are like axioms, her body is a burgeoning bank on which the wayward traveler yearns to find rest.

"Never!" Johnson cries. "Never!"

"What, never?" implores the woman. "Never again, Johnson? Never, nevermore?"

Johnson is touched by her entreaties. An impassioned surge of longing pulses like a silken caress through his acne bunions carbuncles diabetes etc. etc. etc. He is moved, as the golden wheatfields are moved by the careless fingers of the wanton wind.

"Nay," he proclaims, "not ever -- not ever, Natasha, forever!"

Forever, my fairy, my fair one, my wayward, my windtossed, my love!"

Johnson places one foot on the ground and then advances the other. The door of the yellow convertible wafts open before him, impelled by the gossamer touch of a fairy hand.

Johnson enters the yellow convertible, and the door is wafted shut behind him.

"Natasha!" he cries. "Natasha!"

"Johnson!" she cries. "Johnson!"

They kiss. Passion suffuses their lips with a flicker of fairy fire.

*

Seaspire thrusts upward palagically from the oozy seabottom of the Mindanao Trench. This towering erection was raised there by a toiling crew of seaswimming amazons early in the twentyfirst century. Floods of subaqueous lava seethe beneath it. Wayward flocks of seaswimming seaspume glister at its tip.

Seaspire has nothing to do with this tale. Johnson has never walked there. Johnson will never walk there. To reach Seaspire on foot, one must walk upon the water. This Johnson cannot do.

No man is perfect. Remember that.

*

They are kissing. Passion suffuses their limbs with a flicker of fairy fire.

*

The twin domes known to the twentyfirst century geographers simply as the Twindomes jut forth from a sheer face of denuded milky white chalk. The Twindomes are milkywhite like the chalkface from which they jut. There is a legend about the Twindomes, a legend familiar to all wayward travelers. It is a fascinating legend, and a strangely touching one. It is known to twentyfirst century mythographers as the Legend of the Twindomes.

The Legend of the Twindomes has nothing to do with this story. Johnson has never heard it. Natasha has never heard it. The wayward travellers have not seen fit to confide it to either of them.

Who knows what difference it might have made if some wayward traveler had seen fit to confide in either Johnson or Natasha?

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?

Ask any girl -- she knows

Who knows what difference it might have made if either Johnson or Natasha had heard the Legend of the Twindomes?

Ask any wayward traveler. Only the wayward travelers know for sure.

*

They are still kissing. Passion suffuses their torsos with a flicker of fairy fire.

*

The Sacred Mound known to all twentyfirst century religious freaks is a place difficult of access. The holy pilgrimage thereto is an arduous

uous one and there is no assurance of success in its completion. But it is only at the Sacred Mound, the religious freaks say, that one can relieve oneself of the pressing burden of one's earthly karma, and thereby achieve success and bounteous fruition and the heavenly surcease of Nirvana beyond mere mortal comprehension.

No man has ever returned from the Sacred Mound. Many have lost themselves in their quest for it. It is rumored that their spirits have been sucked from their bodies, leaving naught behind but an empty husk. It is rumored that these spirits are stored in a hollow cavern, somewhere beneath the Sacred Mound. Many are the occult rumors which confuse the teeming world of the twentyfirst century, like a flicker of fairy fire.

Enlightened theographers scoff at such rumors. Such is the way of enlightened theographers.

Johnson, as it happens, is an enlightened theographer; he scoffs at such rumors. They are of no concern to him, he insists.

He is perfectly correct.

*

Still kissing. Fairyfireflickers. Suffusing them.

*

"CENSORED!" exclaims the nazi trillionaire, jerking on his platinum leash at the end of which are tethered two naked slavegirls, each as beautiful as only a naked slavegirl can be beautiful. "CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED, you CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED!"

Johnson is not listening. Johnson could not listen even if he wished to, for Johnson is amilliard kilometers away, and a millioned megayears in the nazi trillionaire's future.

None of this makes any difference to the nazi trillionaire. He is not speaking to Johnson in any case.

"CENSORED!" he cries. "Poke your CENSORED up your CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED!"

The naked slavegirls whimper at the end of the platinum leash. They were raised together in a convent, and the nazi trillionaire's language strikes offensively against their maidenform eardrums.

Besides, such whimpering is expected of them. It is the duty of every naked slavegirl to whimper piteously whenever she is called upon to do so. Naked slavegirls are paid to perform this task.

*

Kissing. Fairyfire. Suffusinn.

*

Miasmatic vapors coil on the floor of the room. The Man in the Iron Facemask is standing there. Hard. Steely. Implacable. Ready to take on all comers.

It is a World of Evil, this teeming twentyfirst century. The Man in the Iron Facemask knows that well.

His name is Bogart. Humphrey Bogart. Humphrey Aloysius Bogart. No man can call him Aloysius. Strong men have died for less.

"What's in a name?" he sometimes wonders to himself, a trifle unoriginally. What, indeed, in a name like Aloysius?

The Man in the Iron Facemask knows no answer. He knows only that he must fight to the death when any man calls him Aloysius. His honor is at stake.

Sometimes he wishes his name were different. Humphrey Clayton Bogart -- there would be a name! He would have no need to fight to the death when any man called him Clayton. His honor would not be at stake.

If his name were Humphrey Aloysius Johnson, things might be different. A Johnson can walk all he likes. A Johnson has no need of honor. It takes all types to make a world. Even a twentyfirst century one.

*

Kissfiresuffuse.

*

The edge of the twentyfirst century world is jagged. Intermittently lightning slashes against it. Huge seamonsters cavort at its base.

Johnson has never walked to the edge of the world. He has no desire to do so.

If he came to the edge of the twentyfirst century world, Johnson could walk no farther. That would never do. Johnson's walk has not yet come to its end.

*

*****CENSORED*****

*

Trembling on its lambent tail of fairyfire, the starship descends. The name of the starship is Johnson; a remarkable coincidence.

*

Fairyfire no longer flickers. They draw apart. Yet something has happened to them. They are still suffused. Transfused. Interfused. Transmogrified by their mutual interpenetration.

Johnsonnatacha Natashajohnson

Johnnatha Natheson

Jatha Nason

Call them what you will.

*

Johnson's walk has come to its end. Johnson can walk no farther. Johnson is incapable of walking any longer for Johnson has ceased to exist. Natasha has also ceased to exist. There is only Jatha and Nason. The moonwolves howl piteously.

Chill foreboding, like an icepick, strikes through the iron facemask of Humphrey Aloysius Bogart.

The naked slavegirls whimper on the nazi trillionaire's platinum leash.

Johnson has been jellified.

So has Natasha.

It was inevitable. Her full name was Natasha Aloysius Jones.

*

Call them what you will.

Jatha Nason

Johnatha Nathanson

Johnsonnatasha Natashajohnson

The door of the yellow convertible wafts open.

The two of them are spilled free.

They splash to the moonpavement.

Jellow.

Strawberry flavored.

Raspberry flavored.

The moonwolves gather round to lap them up.

*

There is a moral here, but I do not know what it is.

There is a moral everywhere if only you can find it.

Not that it will do you any good if you do. Nothing will do you any good in the twentyfirst century.

As to that, the seaswimming amazons and the wayward travelers and the enlightened theographers are all agreed.

Johnson would have agreed, too, if he had not been jellified. And so would Natasha.

Johnson walked. It got him nowhere.

Natasha drove a yellow convertible. It got her knowhere.

Jelly thou art, and to jelly thou returnest.

Just ask Jatha and Nason.

Before the moonwolves have finished lapping them up.*****

WHY YOU GOT THIS

— We trade fanzines

— We trade fanzines for money

— You contributed.

— You stink.

— You were mentioned, reviewed, attacked, quoted, libeled or ignored on page___

— This is a reminder that unless we get something trade-wise from you by next issue, you'll have to find some other zine that hangs by its tail to trade with.

— My contributing artists are in rebellion. If you are not displeased by what you see here, or want to improve, please do send something.

— I know they say to quit while you're ahead, but I can't resist: please review.

— Well, I wasn't going to send you this since you've never answered yet, but since the last issue went over so well I thought I'd send this one to you as a gesture.(It's up to you to figure out which kind...)

.....BY RICHARD WADHOLM

And in those days there was a mighty famine in the real of Fandumbland. And the Sercon fanzine and the faanzine maketh war on one upon another and the Geisback maketh war upon the Mighty Brazimarr. And the Campbell maketh war upon the Liberal, and the Hochberg maketh war upon everybody. And the Tinkle maketh war upon sanity and did act crazy in all manner of ways in those days.

And all did hotly argue and dispute, one with another until as dust did their fanzines dry up and blow away with the heat of the words and the spilling out of vomit and bile upon their pages. And they did argue and have great dispute on many issues and were divided greatly, one with another over many things.

But in those days, did the fanz of the north and the fans of the south fight and have a great gititon over what brew to drink, whether it should be the India Pale Ale of the realm of Glicksohn or the Coors Beer of the provinces farther south and west. The India Pale Aliens claiming that theirs was Ambrewsia, the Suds of The Gods. The Hard Coors sayeth "Nay, nay, a pox upon thee, Mike Glicksohn, and a curse upon thy breweries!" And thus sayeth they, "But ours is as 24 proof holy water and a six-pac will get thee off 8 Miles Higher than that canuck machine oil." And thus did have great hassles as to the nature of the libation to drink at the cons, saying either, "Hail the Pale Ale" and "Oh Glicksohn, thy suds hath power and are a blessing on my tongue," or "Thou Canuck! Hast thou not pissed in this can and given it a fancy label?" Thus did it go on for many years.

Then one day did a young, tall, strong, virile, handsome, dark, silent, humble lad with freckles appear in the land of McLeod Man and say unto them that were gathered there, "Hey, babe, like take me to your leader."

And they said unto him, "Thinkest thou that any man seest Hizzonor without an invitation inlaid upon a gold and platinum flip-top ring? Pelz Bells!"

And the young, tall, strong, virile, handsome, dark, silent, humble stranger with freckles did say unto them, "Fear for thy life, fool! For I've like waisted better men than thee for drinking money. Make haste and tell Jim Whatsisname that the Mighty Wad, the young, tall, strong, virile, handsome, dark, silent humble stranger with freckles has like made the scene. If you tell him right now, boah, I'll even give you a nickel."

And they went unto the McLeod and said, "My lord, the Mighty Wad, the young, tall, strong, etc. stranger with freckles has like made the scene in this very camp and requires -- nay, he demands thy presence and has promised me a nickel if I get you."

And the McLeod did go out unto the YTSVHDSHS with F and did say unto him, "Whadaya say, Mighty Wad?" And the Mighty Wad did answer and say

THE BOOK OF CANUCK ○○○

unto him, "Mam, thou art going to cool it with the Great Glicksohn and lay down your swords and shields and beer cans or there will be asses kicked. I won't mention any names, but I think his initials are Jim McLeod."

And with that did he look heavily on the McLeod and the McLeod was sore and sayest unto him, "Why pickest thou on me? For I am but one of many and we all have spoken true things unto the Cancerous Canuck and he hast spoken in like manner to us as well. Why dost thou not go unto the camp of Geisback or Glycer or Haren-Warner jr. the great Sex Machine and Love God?"

And the Mighty Wad did smile at him.

Thus did the McLeod say to him then, "What if Glicksohn starts it. What then am I to do?"

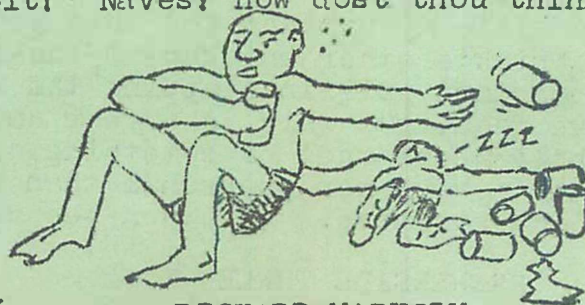
The Mighty Wad answered and said, "Thus sayeth the Mighty Wad: Thou shalt sit down at a table of conference with Geisback and Glycer and Haren-Warner jr. and shall meet with Glicksohn his Secretary of War-and-Tomatoes, Rosemary Ulliyot, and thou shalt think of some better way to settle this thing than to hassle." And thus did they have the first Beer Con.

CHAPTER TWO

Thus were the casualties at the first nonviolent Beer Con: 600 dollars worth of beer; 278 fans who died of cirrhosis during the testing of the beer so as to see which was the better (there were 279 judges, and the 279th did make a decision as to which was the better but he was waisted out of his mind and was in no condition to say anything at the time); 500 fans who did die of natural causes (when somebody puts a bullet through thy head, it's only natural thou diest); Rosemary Ulliyot's can of tomatoes when it was battered to pieces against Haren-Warner jr., the aforementioned Sex Machine; 19 cases of Strawberry Hill; 250 dollars of Buck Coulson's special home-grown; 18 National Guard units called into the 1st Nonviolent Beer Con when somebody realized what would happen with 4000 ripped science fiction fans attending the 1st Nonviolent Beer Con (they were reported missing-in-action); the Hotel it took place in; the city it took place in.

But out of this ~~xxx~~ meeting camest a solution and it was at that time that the India Pale Aliens would go and builded themselves a Beer Can Tower. And the Hard Coors did go and do likewise so as to see who should be the greater or the lesser beer by who would reach the sun first. It had been brought up to go to the moon, but the idea was old hat and it was put down by all the delegates (the coherent ones) who did say, "Nay, nay, but that is not nearly as spectacular as going to the sun." And thus did those in favor of going to the sun snort and make great rude noises and did say "Dolt! Naves! How dost thou think? We will go at night! And it was done.

And the mighty tower of the great Glicksohn did rise above his layer in Canuck Cove. And it was a mighty project requiring twelve thousand willing slaves that did nothing for four-score years but sit on their



cans and to drink. And it was on mighty rollers so that it would ~~stay~~ aimed at the sun at all times, by rolling across the earth. And by the time they had reached their tenth year, they had worn a hole in the earth with all of their pacing. And thus did they fall through and out of sight from mankind or Canadian for all eternity.

And the McLeod did look with a scornful eye and did say unto himself, "That fool hath worn a hole in the earth and hath fallen through. On top of that it did cost great monies to buy a skateboard as big as his. I will go and build my Beer Can Tower on the solid ground and will build it so that it goes farther than the sun. And when the earth swings out that way, my Beer Can Tower shall crash into the side. And on top of my tower, shall I build a giant ink stamp and it shall give glory unto my Coors to all that look upon the sun."

And thus did he build his tower. And he built it also up in Canada so that when the Tower did pass the moon, it did pass above it. And he did look upon it for a long time and say, "It is good." And it did continue to grow and grow until he had to climb to its top to gaze upon its glory. And thus he did, and he saw that it was good. However, while he sat atop his tower, gazing upon his work, also the work of NASA, North American Rockwell, and Lockheed, he did add one beer can too many. The tower became too heavy and did turn the earth sideways so that where it was once above the moon's path, now it only once was. And it did crash and make an almighty splat, with the McLeod providing the

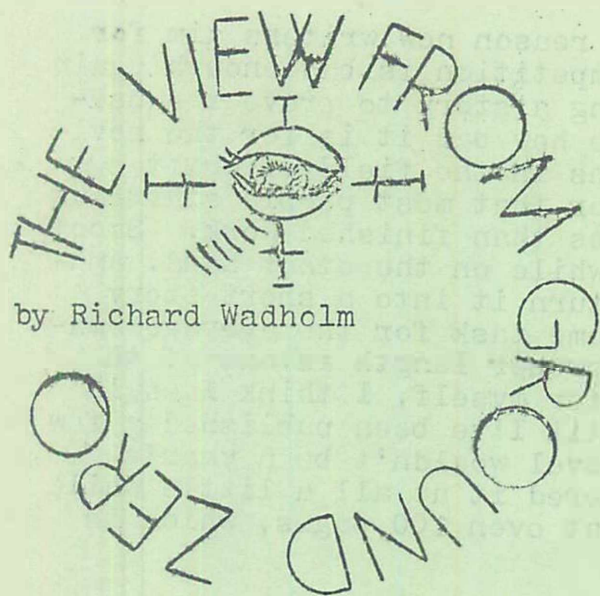
And the Mighty Wad did look upon this and say, "Too bad, Old Man. Shoulda stuck to 7-Up," which I guess is the moral since there's no better way to end this.

XRYMPH AD: It's tough enough to convince fans to read pro SF, let alone amateur SF, but you can't be sure somebody you read in XRYMPH last issue won't turn up in ANALOG six months later. For example there's Paul (Spider) Robinson from X2 who just finished selling \$700 worth of SF to editor Bova. Of course that's no sales point since you can be damn sure he won't be seen in XRYMPH again, but it knocked me off my chair when editor Hochberg passed along the news. Try it -- 25¢ from NORMAN HOCHBERG, Rm. E-013 Benedict College, SUNT, Stony Brook NY

SILENT RUNNING ** WADHOLM REVIEW

(continued from page 27) decision means something worse than death. He eventually kills them, rigs a fake accident to put himself out of Earth's mind, heads out to Saturn's darkside. The rest of the film is about how a man with the sensitivity of Lowell survive loneliness and guilt. The mood makes you feel the journey of a man with all eternity ahead of him. It is beautiful in concept and atmosphere leading right up to the final scene that sums up not only the plot, but Lowell's life as well. It's beautiful as the starscape background it's finished on, as small and humble as the beat-up toy watering can giving life to a forest, and as hauntingly lonely as a silent, eternal vigil.

It's my nominee for this year's media award. Clockwork Orange and Kubrick's other snicker-at-the-funeral movie, Dr. Strangelove, save an important role in slapping the fixed idiot grin off America's collective face, but this is a year and a time in the art when we need a big whole wheat shot of something deeper, more personal. And there aren't many movies more personal than Silent Running. Go and catch Kubrick's slick sickness. And then see an organic movie.



by Richard Wadholm

SINGING "TRUCKIN'" BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD IN THE SHOWER

In case you haven't been sniffing at the winds of change recently, you haven't noticed that they appear to be blowing downwind from somebody's outhouse. Science fiction is about to play Worm Ouroboros and eat itself up, starting from the roots.

Galaxy and If have gone to publishing bimonthly at what used to be considered (and considering the quality of the product, still is) an outrageous 75¢. Amazing is getting so rare around these parts it might as well be out of print for all the chance I have to see it. Fantasy and Sci-

ence Fiction is going up against the rest of the field paying its authors at 2¢ a word. (As compared to 4¢ from Ejler Jakobson.) Even mighty Analog has got to be feeling the pinch with its main market, scientists and engineers, being dropped like flies. Eternity, the quarterly povertyzine from Stephen Gregg, is a project I sincerely sympathize with. But at 1/2¢ a word for pros and 1/3¢ for amateurs, he's practically paying for his material in rupees. I can't see anybody except certain authors soft of heart and head that will submit a story and be willing to be paid only for a quarter of it.

To put it simply, the social, literary, historical, and in many cases monetary basis for science fiction is being eaten alive. Science fiction started in the prozines, survived almost entirely in the prozines, and gave birth to itself in the prozines. And yet today the prozine is going down for the third time. Why? Why do magazine editors like to claim they're printing an entire novel in some issues? That's a question closer to the answer. The longer a piece is, the more it develops its characters, plot and backdrop. In other words, the better the piece is. Long stories and short stories are practically different mediums. Long stories are written for entertainment. Short stories are generally written with some specific point or moral in mind. The shorter the story, the closer it has to stick to its point and the less time it spends making itself palatable. Even when this isn't true with a short story, its size still limits its enjoyability.

There's a good example is March F&SF. "And I Awoke And Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side" is the coldest, cleanest short story since Harlan Ellison did his thing on sex and the single dog, the subtlest and most truly scary short story since an unpublicized thing in Merrill's Best SF '64 called "Better Than Ever" -- and yet it left me frustrated. He had background and mood thick enough to cut with a knife, very nice characterization, and that one idea which he hones into an icicle aimed at your heart. And so, by the time this idea is played out to its end, the mood and characterization are just getting to the point where you want to hear more. Same with Larry Niven's "Inconstant Moon". Great story. Great story -- where's the rest of it?

On the other hand, this is exactly the reason new writers aim for the zines instead of the novel market. Competition is bad enough against some New Orleans Klansman who's only writing a story to prove the usefulness of Easy-Rider rifle racks. Imagine how bad it is for the novice writer to go up against twenty year veterans in the field of written entertainment. Especially when you consider that most people start out writing stories that read more like outlines than finished work. Smoothness is the trait of the established pro, while on the other hand, amateurs can take a novel-length outline and turn it into a short story out of pure inability. A novel is an awesome task for the average amateur writer. Learning to give a work its proper length is one of the hardest lessons to learn as a writer. As for myself, I think I could write a novel now. I won't. I'll wait until I've been published a few times to make sure the task of writing a novel wouldn't be a year's wasted effort. But I wouldn't have considered it at all a little while back. I wouldn't have known how to fill out even 100 pages, which is about half of a standard modern novel.

No doubt it's the same way with a lot of writers--even a lot of name writers. How well-known a name? How does Harlan Ellison strike you? Think back for a moment and try to remember when you've seen a Harlan Ellison novel. For that matter, what about James Tiptree Jr.? Or Algis Budrys? And most people agree that Larry Niven is at his tightest in the shorter stuff.

The only real question now is of how does it balance out? Is it worth shelling out about three-and-a-half dollars a month to keep Ellison and Niven in business and to give a starting point to new authors? So far the prozines have been losing to the question. SF has been in a slump all over this year. The novels were mediocre enough. The short stories for the most part have been of the type that have passed in one eye and out the other. People have held back on their subscriptions for that reason alone, not to mention the 75¢ tab on F&SF, Amazing and Jake's stable.

All is not lost yet. Damon Knight's orbit series of hardback magazines has got to be the greatest invention since the wheel. Not only is it a place for short story writers to peddle, and be read by a good-sized audience, it is also one of the few magazines on the market today with consistently good material. Beyond that a recent revival seems to be taking place in the prozines themselves. Even in Analog, the Province of Paranoia and Putrid Prose, the stories have been coming from Niven and Fohl.

It's still too early to say if these trends are not just flukes, or that the prozines will come back, but it's time to hold a "take a zine to lunch week" just to keep filling a spot very needed, between fanzines and novel houses.

HOLDING WONDER o ZENNA HENDERSON

Zenna Henderson's collected short stories sound to be precisely what they are: works of SF by an incredulous religious school teacher. This is the marvel of the woman's literature -- she animates her fictitious surroundings to evoke from attic memorabilia the substance and emotional atmosphere of earliest schooldays for some, the aura of freshness for

others, a sense of right-on-ness for those still living the same adventures minus aliens. Of twenty stories, seven block in and see through their paces schoolyard adventures which ought to fittingly end with a young Rod Serling stepping onto the screen to say, "Tonight's case in point..."

These seven include one -- the only I could find -- of two advertised People stories. Opening the anthology, "The Indelible Kind" as a performance demonstrates Zenna Henderson's virtuosity in opening her characters up a bit at a time, finally revealing at full fruition their depths of emotion, naivete, wonderment, fear, pain, dedication. Henderson, who has strong attachments to social codes and superimposes them on many stories, examines here the result when Vincent Kroginski, heavily named child of the People, is required to trespass the People's desire for silence about their talents in the process of learning to read and to cope with his reception of fearsome thoughts from a stranded Russian astronaut.

"As Simple As That" is indeed -- as simple as that. Vast natural catastrophes have ripped apart an area of the American Southwest and a schoolroom of children can't find any relevance in their old studies anymore. Teacher's attempt to divert this into a class-written text on the events harvests an elementary tale of life in post-disaster society with remarks reminiscent of "By the Place of the Gods" only pared down for elementary school and less revealing than the scanty, journalistic narration. Unsatisfying. "Loo Ree" is the invisible playmate who (a) the lonely kindergartener did not outgrow and (b) turned out to be real -- an alien whose earthly mission requires and education only experience in the lower grades can give her. "The Closest School" is Zenna Henderson's contribution to Civil Rights Movements, a comic put-on about the aliens who just want to obey the law while on earth and send their child through school. Handled uncynically in steady prose and calm pacing, its humor is mellow. "The Believing Child" competes for the accolade of the finest story in the anthology. Some children are more naive -- gullible -- than others. Dismey is the most naive of all. Constantly victim of Bannie and Michael's fabrications, her faith is so complete that (as in voodoo) her belief makes them so. Unlike voodoo, the proposition goes farther; her belief is so strong it finally affects her tormentors who are dispensed with through judicious application of the magic word PYRZQXGL!

"Sharing Time" begins concretely with a pupil's discovery of an object that instigates telepathy but peters out by introducing the banal personality conflicts of civil institutions into the frame of the story, and by pounding home the ending a little too hard. "You Know What, Teacher?" is a societal footnote, not SF, but adequate reading anyway.

Of thirteen remaining stories, several of which are potboilers never sold to a magazine, some merit special mention. "J-Line To Nowhere" explores from child's-eye view the pressures of totally urbanized existence. As in Silverberg's Time Hoppers the character yearns for contact with natural surroundings and she finally cuts out in the midst of a schoolday in a frenzy, punching with abandon a random J-Line destination on her public transport capsule. She ends up in a real J-line stop more fantastic than her dreams. "The Taste of Aunt Sophronia" carries a nagging undercurrent of two women's insipid quirks, but is stylistically

cobbled together to make an absorbing story out of scraps; cold sleep, incurables, and a weed-woman's recipes. My favorite of the anthology, "One of Them" (non-SF) is another of the abnormal psychology portraits at which Henderson is remarkably adept. Murder is committed. Though this story's protagonist knows of the murder in advance, she has forgotten who she is among nurses at a rural government hospital. Is she the victim, the murderess, or neither? A scrupulous examination of the characters and the damaged mind provides an unexpected slant on the mystery.

Zenna Henderson, long privately championed by many, will probably be more widely read as the result of the movie The People. This collection is a thorough overview of her non-People stories, and excellent.

JACK OF SHADOWS • ROGER ZELAZNY

Watch this one closely. It may be the only thing I've seen printed this last year that actually justifies the trouble you went to to learn to read. Since I've boycotted anything written this last year out of disinterest, I may be unqualified to say this, but I think it's the only thing worth awarding, too.

While Zelazny seems to have dropped his affair with world religions, his book is still very mystical. The story is about a thief with supernatural powers derived from shadow. It's about his rise from thief to lord of the darkside of his planet, and his fall from the oppressed to the oppressor. And his final salvation.

The book is written like a roller coaster ride. You start reading and hang on tight because you'll be left behind if you don't stay with it. The sentence and paragraph structures, especially in the opening chapters, is noticeably simplistic. And nowhere in any paragraph is a thought repeated or expanded upon beyond the necessities. It makes for strange reading at times, but it flows well, too. It keeps getting bigger, more violent and more weighty, like an avalanche. It picks up more thought, character, and violence as it goes along until the whole thing gets so big that its inevitable fall is as cataclysmic as anything Zelazny's ever written. His world is torn apart to give it a new rotation and sense of life. And the ending leaves you with the feeling that this planet is a little closer to home than you thought at first, although Zelazny has the tact never to say whether you're witnessing the old Genesis gambit or not.

The story begins with Jack's execution and return from the dung pits of Glyve. He, being a darksider, has no permanent death. The first part of the book is his trek across the gray plains of night side of the world seeking revenge for his loss of face. This part ends with his escape from the Lord of Bats. The second part of the book is several years later when he's spending his last days in a light side university, posing as an instructor to get at a computer. The darkside is a rather familiar realm of sorcery, fantasy and feudalism. The light side, though description is kept subservient to plot and action, is a retarded version of 1972. It has cars and computers, but no electric lights. It has orbiting satellites, but no knowledge of the other side of the planet except through speculation and rumor. It has streets and smog and slums and coffee houses and a lot of other present-day details. After

reading of dark lords in high weyrs for 92 pages, the sketchy neon 20th century world he puts on the light side of the planet is a biting and refreshing change of pace for a story you've categorized as fantasy. It's here that he gets a key to all mysticism from, of all the thrones of logic and science, a university computer. This calls back vaguely Lord of Light, where the mind is continually slapped with anachronisms even though they are fully and logically explained. From here he goes back, armed with the knowledge for revenge. The final portion of the book shows him achieving rule over the entire darkside and falling into personal moral decay. It's here where he gets his revenge over the Lord of Bats. As in Delany's *Nova*, the characters suddenly seem unclassifiable. You suddenly realize you've been rooting for the bad guy all along, where as high-place dudes you thought were baddies turn out to be simple defenders of what is theirs that the 'hero' wants to steal.

The final part of the book deals with the arrival of Jack's soul. His soul is brought to him from where he left it in the Dung Pits of Glyve. To darksiders a soul is like luggage they can carry around or leave behind. Jack throws his soul's container against a wall in anger accidentally releasing it. Thus begins his salvation, the funniest part of a very grim book.

Jack: Wait a moment. What does it require for you to be united with me?

Soul: Your consent.

Jack: Great. I withhold my consent.

Soul: Are you joking? That's a hell of a way to treat a soul. Here I am waiting to comfort you and caution you, and you kick me out.. What will people say? 'There goes Jack's soul' they'll say, 'poor thing. Consorting with elementals and lower astrals and--'

Jack: Clear out. I can do without you. I know all about you sneaky bastards. You make people change. Well, I don't want to change. I'm happy the way I am.

It ends surrealistically with Jack's going into the ground to put a monkey wrench in the giant machine that keeps the world from spinning and gives magical powers to the darksiders. As a result of Jack's meddling the world begins rotating again so that the lightside and darkside get night and day and don't have to depend on failing shields for protection. Jack's world is torn apart, and the final shot leaves you wondering if Jack is about to be killed or not. Of course, by this time it doesn't really matter because Jack is invaded by his soul and death, even though permanent, doesn't seem so frightening.

There is social comment here. Pathos, surprising Zelazny humor, atmosphere so thick and tangible you can cut it with a knife, and a plot that just won't lay down and become predictable until you're done with the book. If you've felt recently that maybe ol' Adolf and his book burnings had a thing going back in '39, don't give up hope until you have read this book.

SILENT RUNNING o W/BRUCE DERN

(movie review) Fading into a close-up of a flower, trembling fresh and wet with dew, and then slowly tracking over a garden, examining the journey of a snail and then picking up a small turtle in a pond to the soft rhythms of an acoustic guitar. This is not the way most space

adventures begin. But then again, this is not most space adventures.

No doubt we science fiction fans will be able to see a whole lot of startlingly un-new ideas in the flick -- from the old starship cliché to the big ecology thing to the two robots, Huey and Dewey. And no doubt it lacks the spectacularness of 2001 -- although the guy that produced it was the same one that did Space Odyssey's special effects. It packs the social black comedy of Clockwork Orange, or the plottedness of the good early Star Trek. But it does have one thing in its favor that makes all these other criteria meaningless. It's one of the most humanly decent films I've ever seen. I mean, right from the toy watering can ~~fr~~ of Freeman Lowell waters his plants with to the Joan Baez movie theme, this picture is as rich and earthy a science fiction statement as Wooden Ships or Pilgrimage: Book of the People. It's practically recyclable.

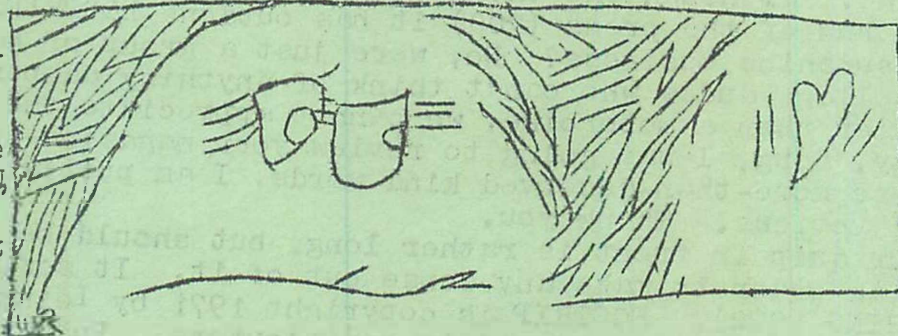
The movie is made with talent all over it. This is a first film for producer Bruce Trumbull, and it has first-film mistakes -- most notably the shortness of the thing -- but it has mood and atmosphere that just won't quit and an effortlessly powerful way of getting you into every single character that enters the story. The three astronauts on board with Lowell are human, likeable people. The three robots (Huey, Dewey and Louie -- who gets himself knocked off early on) are more than likeable, they're adorable. Everybody comes out of the movie wanting to buy a drone that I've talked to. My best friend took his girl to see it and she almost cried for Louie. If you can go through the movie without being touched by the little buggers, you've got my congratulations: Nice ging Frosty. Astronaut Freeman Lowell (Bruce Dern) draws out as much from his role as the cast of four paraplegiacs do inside their drone outfits. He looked, talked and thought like a good friend I have -- but then again, I'd bet the rest of the audience came out of the movie saying the same thing.. He touches a universal memory. 99% of the people in the world have known some kind of Freeman Lowell sometime in their lives. Sometimes fanatical out of a deep moral sense, sometimes individualistic out of need instead of choice -- flawed but fascinating with little pride but great integrity.

The plot itself is just a bare bones framework for the rest of the movie, but its interpretations are varied, and it serves its purpose admirably. Some people I've talked to have thought it was about ecology. Others have thought it was a movie about love. I thought it was a movie about individual freedom. By chance the ones into ecology were the ones who saw it as an ecology movie. The one that told me it was about love is very much into love. I'm into freedom and individualism which is what the movie meant to me. The movie is open to at least those three interpretations, and there is strong support for each one, and probably support for a few more, too. It's about the Valley Forge, a spaceship sent to orbit around Saturn, growing forests in its geodesic domes and waiting for the day when earth calls it and the other ships like it back to defoliate it. Earth grows tired of wasting a fleet of good cargo ships and calls them and tells them to destroy the domes and come back. They have world-wide 70 degree constant, no war and no unemployment. Who needs real wooden trees? The three astronauts with him are as cynical as Earth about the project and to them this decision simply means that they can go home sooner. To Lowell, who's spent eight years with animals and trees and growing things, the

(cont'd on page 21)
wadholm

My first column to appear in Mike Gly-*****er's NEW ELLIPTIC (now called PREHENSILE) was in defense of Linda Bushyager and her better-than-average fanzine GRANFALLOON, and I still feel the same way I felt then. Honest criticism -- yes, mud-slinging -- no.

FLORENCE JENKINS



REVIEWS FANZINES

For instance, there is some honest criticism on my column in current PREHENSILE ONE, and I welcome it. Lane Lambert says that I seem to be a really new fan...that I need to study the basics of fanzine reviewing...and that a little observation of my peers couldn't hurt. True, I am a new fan and Mike knew this when he asked me to write my columns. True, it probably wouldn't hurt me to study the basics of reviewing and I could probably learn from my peers. But as Popeye sez, "I yam what I yam" and I write as I feel. It just wouldn't be me if I tried to write any other way or try to copy-cat any other style.

My apologies to Mike Glicksohn for my unfortunate choice of words by calling your letter your column in OUTWORLDS, but thank you for being on my side about the illegibility and faded pages of some zines that are mailed out.

Thank you, Donald Keller, for thinking and SAYING so in print that you liked my review of OUTWORLDS and suggesting to Mike "how about extending Florence's column." (Are you listening, Mike Glyer?)

But back to the purpose of this review -- GRANFALLOON #14. I feel quite flattered that Linda asked me to review her fanzine, but I was going to anyhow. She also asked me to contribute to Gf, and I expect to do this, too, as soon as I can. Gf was fifth on my list, but it really should have been nearer the top, for it is excellent.

It has been my main intention in these reviews to acquaint you readers with the contents and my reactions to each one. I know that practically every fanzine I have subscribed to, and most science fiction books I have read/bought, has been from reading a review about them, making me want to read them.

Alongside the "Edited and published by Linda and Ron Bushyager, 111 MacDade Blvd., Apt. B211 - Sutton Arms Apartments, Folsom, Ca. 19033" is a cute cartoon with a guy at a mike in a bus station saying "buses now leaving for Annaheim, Azooza, Kookamunga and Granfalune!" and a little guy sez "GRANFALUNE?" Before coming to California, I thought Azusa and Cucamonga were gag names, but they are real towns, not too far from Gardena, where I live. Ha!

"GRANFALLOON is available for 60¢, 4/\$2, all for all trades, articles artwork, or substantial letters of comment."

I share Linda's warm feeling of pleasure when I read the Enchanted Duplicator, but she expressed my sentiments in her "Call of the Klutz" in this issue. I also subscribe to all the promags she mentioned, and I, too, hope AMAZING gets the Hugo next time.

I noticed and liked the new method of Linda having artists illustrate specific articles and columns, although it is a great deal more

just once. The staff, myself in particular, smiled all through the publication and the contents were not the usual kind in any run-of-the-mill zine. Although the thoughts and poems are well-written, considering the run of the press (700) it has outdone EGOTRIP. Should we go into the sunshine business? No, were just a group of happy-(smile)-go-lucky college dudes who can't think of anything deeper than a manhole or heavier than a motorbike, we cannot appreciate their true value."

Okay, Doug, I was going to review your magazine anyhow, but after all these more-than-deserved kind words, I am putting you next on my list of reviews. Thank you.

Your quip in front is rather long, but should be printed in its entirety in order to make any sense out of it. It sez, "EGOTRIP Vol. 1 #1 (SPRING 1972). EGOTRIP is copyright 1971 by Leingang/Kelly Enterprises. All rights returned to contributors. Published seasonally. Price 25¢ per whole copy. Send money, letters of comment, contributions trades, etc., to DOUGLAS LEINGANG, PO BOX 21238, LSU, BATON ROUGE, LA. 70803. Manuscripts should be furnished with a self-addressed envelope. Nothing but satirical or dead-serious articles (for FORUM/AGAINSTUM) will be accepted. NO FICTION for the sake of fiction!! Payment in copies (2 for contributors). Editor accepts no responsibility for manuscripts or artwork lost in mailing. Ads by private arrangement only. The names of characters used in EGOTRIP satires are fictitious. Similarity without satiric purpose is strictly a coincidence.

In "AN INTRODUCTION" by Douglas Leingang, he has a great deal to say about writers, both professional and amateur, and says it well. He sez among other things that "A writer is dead before the title if he doesn't believe what he is going to write is going to be the best story or novel or essay he has ever written, etc. Inferiority complexes are not needed in the field of professional writing..." And later on, that amateur writing is essentially the same. "Usually the more confident the amateur publications are the better show it makes...the now-defunct SFR, which won two consecutive Hugos, led the std fanzines for years. This is not the only instance. Usually the inferior-and-we-let-you-know-it-for-no-extra-charge brand fold up quite sooner than the confident brand."

"We are on an EGOTRIP. This is an amateur organ ~~and~~ our staff of satire writers. We are not as a rule selfish, so we share with you and make you happy, which makes us happy, which increases our egos and increases the output, which makes you more happy. A circle that everyone benefits from." There is a great deal more about humor, satire, neuros etc. in this well worth reading introduction, that in itself is worth the 25¢ for the zine.

The next few pages introduces the staff, whose names will appear later, as I give a short review on each contribution.

The DESENEX BLUES SONG 2960 by Dan Jahncke is clever and humoroud. In my opinion, it should be set to Western music.

I laughed long and loud at CHRIS HAS THIS THING by Kevin Kevin Trae about having this thing on typewriters. Seems he is going to revise the alphabet from ABC to the way the letters are on your typewriter, beginning with Q and ending with M.

Adam O'Hanion's SING R ISINS SING is a hilarious TV commercials, appropriately illustrated in the title. I hope to see more in future issues from him on a lot of other ridiculous commercials that offend our sense of good taste. ELEVATORS by Fritz Freleng is about a robot and a bomb that got together, but not for long.

An article by Linda Jahncke, LOVE FOR FUN & PROFIT is dead serious and thought-provoking. In my opinion, her description of the two "loves

trouble for her to do this. So many fanzines have good cartoons and sketches, but have nothing to do with the subject at hand. In my own little zine (not s.f.) this is no problem for me, as I do all my own illustrating and fit them to the subject.

I got a kick out of "Learning To Live In Lawton" by Don D'Amassa and the sketch by Tim Kirk. As I am originally a Tex-Okie, I have been in Lawton, but never in their library, so, if true, they sure have strange ways and like Don I don't understand.

I also do not understand the rest of his article, and did not even try to wade through the eight deals he had to sign to register his POV, but the whole article was really amusing, and Tim Kirk's illustrations fit it perfectly.

Arnie Katz' "SPLINTERS" leaves me cold, for I am not a collector, but I can understand how interesting it is to those who do collect. It is well-written and informative. I have stacks of fanzines that I am trying to give away to anyone who will come and get them, but none are over three years old. I hate the idea of throwing them in the trash, for so far I have never thrown away good reading of any kind. But due to small space these may have to go.

As for CANNONFODDER by Jeff Glencannon, I agree with that he is a better fanzine reviewer than I am, and a better writer, but I also agree with Harry Warner that he is sometimes too harsh on some of the neofans. We all have to start somewhere and being too harsh may run them off, instead of improving them, as he states BEABOHEMA has. When I read what I consider to be a crudzine, I just don't review it until it does improve, and it usually does in time.

But, all in all, his reviews are interesting and perceptive. The one in this issue, though a bit long, has more roses than thorns in it.

Loved the ARKHAM GALLERY of the portraits of Ron Miller, especially the ones with captions.

As stated before, I enjoy anything written by Ted White, and his first two chapters of TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES, with excellent illustrations by Steve Fabian, should sell a lot of the whole book. I for one am going to order it.

Glad to see the letter column back, but wish so many would stop commenting, pro and con, on I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. I loved this book and have read it twice already, something I rarely do with any book. I realize I am in the vast minority, but so what? Due to lack of space I'll not go into my reactions to the other letters, but I enjoyed reading them.

Covers excellent as usually with all Gf issues, and illustrations for the written word inside beyond compare.

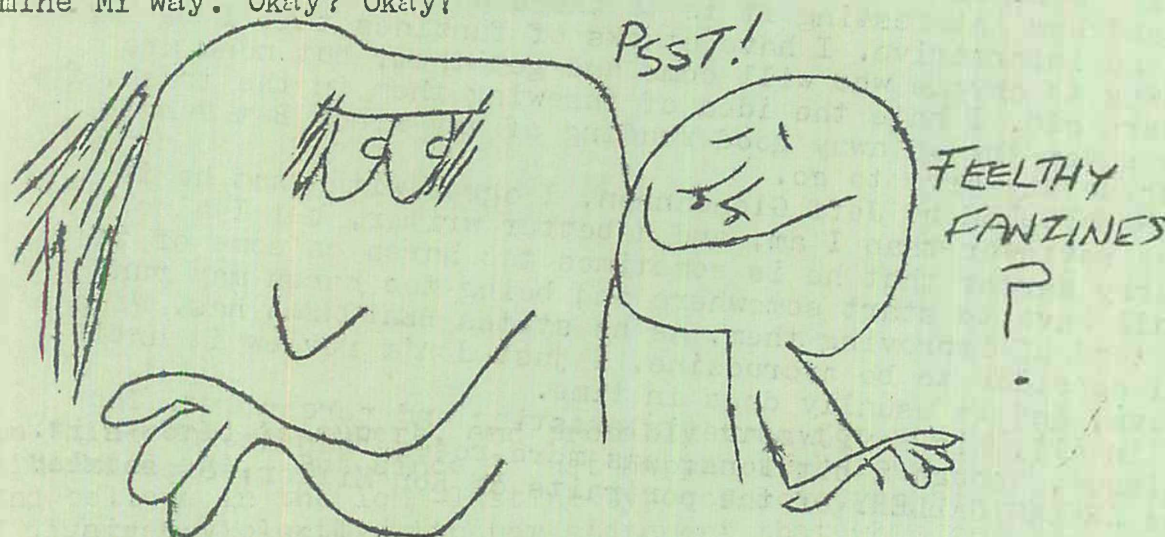
Following is the reply I got when I wrote and thanked Doug Leingang for his free copy of EGOTRIP ONE, and offered to send him a copy of my "rag" SMILE AWHILE (not S.F.)

"Thank you for the note upon receiving the EGOTRIP. Don't have many of those, though many went out. Still waiting for Mike Glycer's note. Everyone at our staff says hello, especially our loudmouthed sales director. I got your address from Mike. We've been corresponding over a year now, and since you write good reviews, I thought you should get a copy of EGOTRIP 1. I'm not hinting or even asking for a review of the thing. Honestly. But the publicity couldn't do us any harm. If you do review the zine, say nice things about us. I'll be waiting for your magazine. Signed, Douglas Leingang."

Well, I sent him my SMILE AWHILE, and here is his reply in part when he received it. "It is the kind of zine that you couldn't read

in this world is superb, and probably true for some people in this sex-liberated age. But since I just happen to belong to an older generation and believe in the long-lasting type of love, as most of my friends do, I disagree violently with her statement that what one man "thinks, how he feels, and so on, will usually be what other people feel, being in the same society." There are plenty of us, even in the younger generation, who are decent clean-minded citizens who do not read pornographic books, nor do we mistake love for another four-letter word - lust.

LITERARY GENIUS by Pete Manciewicz seems to prove Linda's point about pornography, and both probably are right and I'm just a square. But I am broad-minded and no prude, and I believe in "Live and let live." Sex is a private, individual thing and other people's morals are none of my darn business. Let them do their thing their way, and I'll do mine MY way. Okay? Okay!

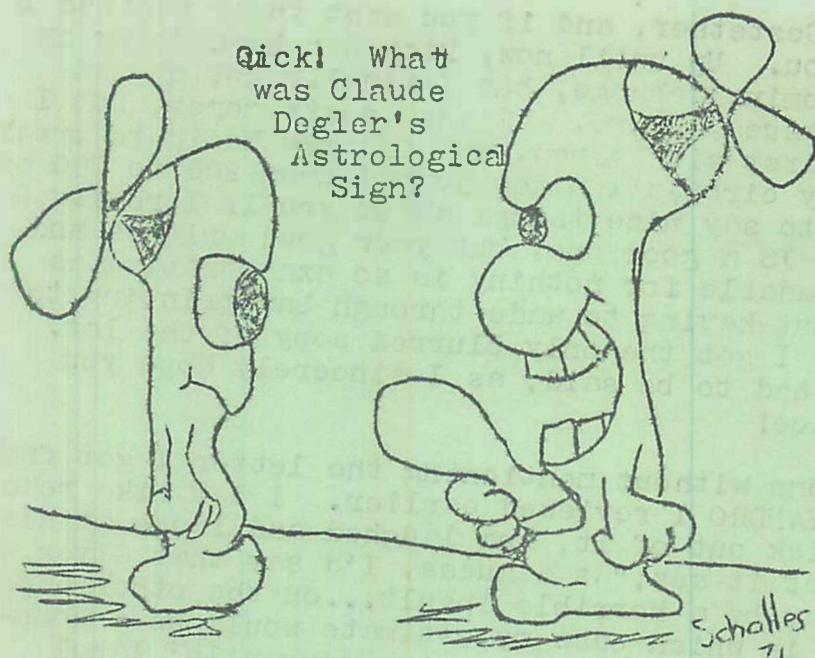


THE BASKETBALL GAME by Douglas Leingang -- fair to middlin', but I'm no sports fan.

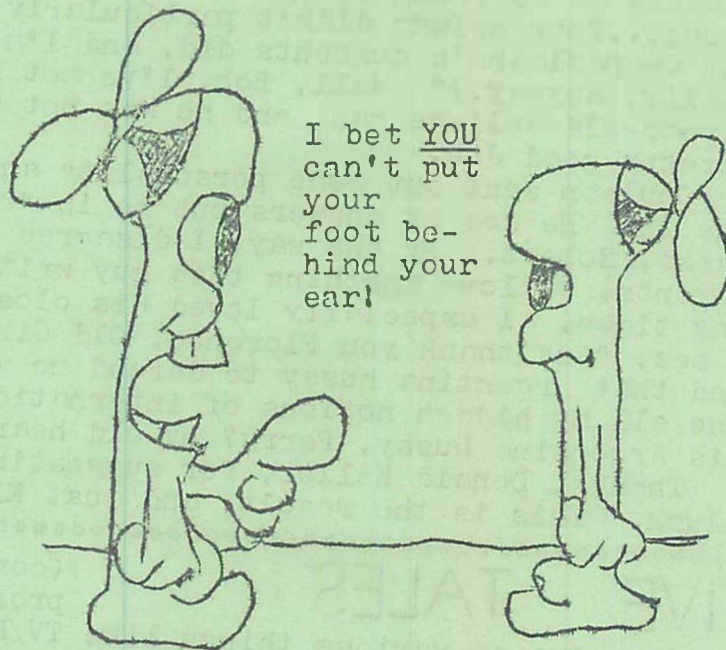
THE INTERROGATION by Chester Fuller is the only satire on SFiction in the entire magazine. Well written and funny. But, on the other hand, maybe Mike Glycer's NAUSTALGIA could be called SF, on the nauseating practice of the ridiculously high prices paid for collectors items. Satire at its best. Witty, entertaining and informative, with the clever misspelling of nostalgia in title. (Hey, Mike, were any of those fanzines I gave you collectors' items? If so, I claim half the money. Ha

Clever, complicated front cover signed only with initials GD. Who is he? Not much inside art, but the few were good.

Now, for the other side of the coin. Doug, you have the makings of a good mag, and a staff of writers for this first issue, and it is outstanding for a first effort. But puh-leeze use some other method of printing than that blue-wax stuff you used in this one. Some of the paragraphs were completely unreadable, and many were blurred badly. The whole first page of Mike's article was so blurred, for instance, that parts could not be read at all, and parts I had to use a magnifying glass to on. Look at the different copies before you mail them out, for no one is going to buy a zine they have difficulty in reading, however good the contents are. Since I started my zine (not SF, you have read one copy with another in the mail to you now) I've refused to send out any that are unreadable, or nearly so. I waste a lot of paper, but it is worth it to have good, clear print when the occasion calls for it. The small art is pasted onto my own cut stencils, but the larger ones are all electrostenciled. Dick Geis put me in touch with a firm that



SYLMAR
LIBRARY



If you're lucky, the answers to the above and other questions are available at the Sylmar Library, Glenoaks at Polk.

YA Librarian Judith Tetove and the Prehensile mob also invite you to cruise by a meeting of the group some Friday. Times will be posted. Known formally at the San Fernando and Sylmar Free Science Fiction and Fantastic Society (SF&SFSF&FS) it's by no means a closed group. Glycer, Wadholm, Tinkle, Troth and (when back from the Rock) Halliwell hold forth there in the back room(walk on in). If this sincere and warm welcome doesn't make you want to come in and help us generalize about Firesign Theater, expeditions to LASFS, new books and Prehensile, look at it this way: we'd like to meet face to face some of the people who rip off with the library copies of Prehensile never to heard from or seen again. How's that grasp you?

Cartoons by Jeff Schalles.

does this work cheaper than Gestetner, and if you want their address I will be glad to send it to you. Up until now, Dick Barabean doing my mimeographing for me for a nominal charge, but I finally got my own machine for the rest of my issues. Sure, all this costs money, but I have gone into debt for my first six issues, and can now begin to break even. It was worth it, as my circulation has jumped from 200 to 700 as of this date. You asked me to say nice things about you if I reviewed your zine, and I DID, for it IS a good one, but your good writers and you own must be clear and readable for nothing is so exasperating as to know something is good, but having to wade through bad printing to make any sense of it. Maybe I got the only blurred copy of the lot. If so, forgive me, but this had to be said, as I sincerely hope you will be a good success. Peace!

I cannot close this column without mentioning the letter I got from Robert Coulson, whose zine YANDRO I reviewed earlier. I let Mike read it, and we both got a big kick out of it, and laughed and laugh at his guess at Mike's age. In part it sez, "At a guess, I'd say that Glycer was 15 or 16 years old, which may be a horrible insult...on the other hand he could be as young as 13, in which case my estimate would be a compliment...Your column didn't particularly share the 'juvenile' label (but Chapdelaine's comments did, and I'm pretty sure he's an adult -- legally, anyway.)" Well, Bob, I've met Mike and he is a big, strapping 19-year-old college man, and he was not affronted at your guess. He's a pretty good Joe.

Coulson sent out some personality analysis questions, and I sent nine in. He sez my answers put me in "the 'ideal fan' category." Gee! thanks, Robert. By the way, I disagree with you about Chapdelaine's comments. I love anything this guy writes, and have said so before many times. I especially loved his closing remarks in current Pre 2. He sez, "And thank you Florence, Old Girl. If this keeps up I won't need that Argentina hussy to defend me anymore. Yea gad, then will be gone all my hidden notions of international romance..." (Just who is this Argentina hussy, Perry? My old heart is palpitating like mad. Sigh)

Thanks, Donald Keller, for suggesting to Mike that he extend my column. This is the result, and just MIGHT be too extended!!!

JIVE TALES

(continued from page four):
professional.") He refers to hav-

ing done two of various things like TV/Movie scripts, short stories, and things he would like to do two of, for instance, TV commercials. Johnson said he had one idea for a TV commercial -- if only Timex would use it. He prefaced his remarks. Many companies produce good watches that will keep accurate time, and one is as good as another for that. But here you have Timex, trying to tell you that no matter what you put the watch through, it will still keep good time. So you start the commercial by having John Cameron Swazy sitting in a car with a ticking Timex watch. He starts the car, revs it to 60, and rams head on into another car going the opposite direction. He goes through the windshield and lands sprawled on the pavement. The camera pans in: the watch is ticking, Swazy is not.

In the back of the room Jerry Pournelle could not bear to let it go by without thinking up a way to top it. "Hey George. I've got a way for you to get more money out of it.. Have the final scene cut to Forest Lawn, and then pan in on the watch." Two sponsors, doncha know.



FANIVORE

This is FANIVORE, where the cannibals give your editor a hearty "Well done!" This column is begun before P2 comments arrive, so of necessity finishes up those on P1.

VINC NT DI FATE
617 ... Lincoln Ave.
Mount Vernon, NY 10552

Thank you for sending along a copy of Fre 1, this is the kind of fanzine I like most to receive. A bit of humor, a smattering of wit, a willingness to run a poem or two, perhaps some fiction, amateur or otherwise, takes a great deal of courage these days. There is a personality to this fanzine which makes it virtually unique against the dull, grey monotony of some of its "slicker" counterparts.

And there is a noticeable minimum of uncharitable talk, too, which I kind of like. Reminds me of a simpler time, long ago when I was much, much younger and first fell in love with the whole idea of science fiction.

Pre 1, of course, is not without its faults and could probably have survived without some of that pleasantly abominable (but unoffensive) Mark Tinkle poetry on the bottom of page 18.

Florence Jenkins provides a very benign yet perceptive review of Xrymph 2, particularly by disagreeing with "the editors' self-putdown-ness" as she phrased it. I'm sure Norman Hochberg and Louis Stathis have heard this very same complaint several hundred times since they began putting Xrymph out. Florence does not suffer from the delusions of omnipotence which seem to plague most fanzine reviewers and she has a pleasant, highly readable style of writing.

DONN P BRAZIER
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

BREATHE - OK, maybe too long. Covers the human dream world common to most men at least - the adolescent fear of three or more fellow adolescents on a street corner, flying (and I've developed several great aerodynamic theories of self-flight, having to do with the precise angle with which the arm meets the body), success in music (or any field) without the necessary study (I once set several high-jump records with a new system I developed when I had a bad fever and lay in bed), and nudity. His SF bow on the preceding psychology was great.

Your guide to fmz. adv. should be a great help to fmz. eds. I'd like to put out another fmz, but I dread the work involved. I'm helping with the one Ray Fisher and some of us are working on. But I'd rather write little jerky pieces that editors reject or print, God love 'em. Several months ago I threw away everything I had written since 1935 - stack about 3 feet high - some pro attempts, some fan attempts, notes, half-baked

starts, etc. -- you know what collects. Now I'm starting over again. - can't resist.

CY CHAUVIN ((Re abortion)) I often wonder, you know, if we can
17829 Peters prove that anyone is a 'person' no matter how old
Roseville, Mich. they are! After all, we can't detect 'consciousness'
48066 -- only a person's physical reactions to the out-
side environment; so since I have consciousness, I
assume that everyone else does -- if they have the same physical equip-
ment. (i.e., a man with a blown-off head won't, or a dog, etc.) And
though the study of a fetus' physical equipment, we might be able to de-
termine whether or not it is a 'person' that way, by comparing it with
a 'mature' person. That's the argument I was getting at in Moebius Trip
anyway. From your own comments and some that Rick Stoker sent me, I
don't know if I believe it anymore myself.

Personally, I don't think it can be proved -- and that's why I opt
out for conception as the 'starting point' for a 'person'; it seems the
only logical place. 'Birth', like I think I pointed out in my article,
is really far too vague a term, since a fetus/baby can be born anytime
from 6 to nine months after conception -- and possibly much earlier in
the future when the artificial womb is perfected. So I don't think it
can be used as the 'starting point' for a person. Conception is literal-
ly forced on you -- and that's where one's hereditary factors, genes, etc.
are formed. If you don't believe that the fetus becomes a person some-
where along that 9-month trip, or if you don't believe that it can be
proved. That's my position, anyway -- and why I believe as I do.

The Chapdelaine yes, indeed, would be publishable if the climax/end-
ing of the story was more clear. I didn't see it at all. But the style
is beautiful -- Delany has just now got a new competitor (really!).

KENN HALLIWELL Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm back on the ROCK,
376th SW OL-KA Okinawa. I'll be here until 19 April 72.

CMR Box 4495 I got a letter from Keith Laumer, he says:
APO San Francisco, "I am just finishing up a new Retief collection
Calif. 96239 which will be published by Delacourt and Dell...In
the meanwhile, the stories will be coming out in
Fantasy and Science Fiction."

No longer in Worlds of IF.

PS: I make Sgt. around July -- I'm number 66,661 and they've pro-
moted to number 33,000.

DOUGLAS LEINGANG This is a loc for Prehensile Three about Prehensile
PO Box 21328 LSU Two. Before we get into the nitty-gritty, let us
Baton Rouge, La. grit at the nitwit cover. First, is that person
carrying the Dues box near the turnstile you? Or at
least your conception of yourself? Or what you want others to think you
look like? If not, well, let's try our hand at Number Two: the Iwo Jima
thing looked nice, along with the Sistine Chapel thing or the flags.
Any other good "deep" things planted in the cover? CLM? You have good
stuff mixed in with ordinary stuff, but that's normal for a fanzine.
----The Dues-box holder at the turnstile is Bruce (His Satanic Majesty/
Lord Elephant) Felz, veteran LASFS treasurer.

Okay. Hugo nominations are interesting if (1) you have the chance to
vote; (2) you like to read these same things in 25 other fanzines; (3)
you're a masochist (4) you've got time to waste.

What is India Pale Ale??? Probably doesn't taste better than Straw-

berry Wine or even beer.

"Do you know what happens to little boys and girls who contribute to fanzines like Frehensile?" Yes, mom, they quit after awhile and start printing their own stuff. Progress.

GENE WOLFE I thank you for Prehensile, the only fan magazine I have
27 Betty Drive received this month without an article, essay, letter
Hamilton, Ohio or filler by Andy Offutt; for this alone I would nomin-
45013 ate you for a Hugo were I into LA con.

You will be told how poor the cover is, doubtless at length. It is not. It is badly drawn, but it is a good cover -- those who require an explanation of this are incapable of understanding one should they receive it (and they will not receive it from me). I would suggest, however, that the heading Artists in your credits is incorrect for the sketches you are running and suggests an inapplicable standard. You can think of a better word; indeed, you could hardly think of a worse one.

W MACFARLANE Thank you for the copy of Prehensile Two with the
Santa Ysabel, Calif. kind comment on Ravenshaw and his buddies. I'm
92070 pleased you find them "exciting" and well written
because that's what I try to do, and it's espec-
ially rewarding to find somebody listening out there, and what a pleas-
ant attention from Irehensile Two.

JAMES AYERS Your Hugo Nominations list was interesting and the
609 First Street highlight of Irehesnile Two. I have read all three of
Attalla, ALA. the mentioned stories "Tactics of Mistake," "The Out-
poster," and "The World Menders," as serials in Ana-
log, and thought the latter the better story. I don't go too much for
Dickson's superman hero types, whereas Biggle does not write too much
but when he does he makes up for it. I notice you did not hesitate to
put your name down on the bottom of the list of mentioned fanwriters.
Boy this must be modesty in the strictest sense of the word. But you
might also have scribbled Lane Lambert's name under yours, because by
the time you both are old pro have-beens somebody might say that you
were in there until the last hanging onto the cellar spot like dead
flies to flypaper.

Me, I did not enjoy Chapdelaine's Be Fruitful and Multiply although
I could read him all night long in his Nexus version of Struggle To
Write. Population Boom or Crowd You Out articles or figures never did
suit my fancy anyway, and I surely can warn you right now that by run-
ning such is no way to get popular with the Hugo Ballots.

----Garsh, such praise is likely to turn me head...in a pig's eye. To
tell the truth, I just wrote down the names of all the people who
wrote for fanzines I had read last year (accidentally forgetting
Lambert) and threw myself in as part of the list. So shoot me.

DONALD KELLER The cover, which you maligned yourself, is not terri-
1702 Meadow Ct. bly well reproed (why do your electrostencils look xer-
Baltimore, MD oxed?) ((Because they are xerox, not electro'd, mein
kind)) but I liked it; it's very amusing.

...Naturally, I found your Hugo comments of interest. (Compare mine
in FhCom 9) In the novels you don't even mention my personal choice,
A TIME OF CHANGES -- you really ought to read it. And how come I've
never heard of "The Outposters?" Analog Serial, I guess. Well, we both

know my prejudice, so I'll pass that by. Do you know why there've been very few first-rate novels the past few years, and why the New Wave ones have been even scarcer? The better artists (as are opposed to good writers) have found that they can't support themselves writing the great novels they want (Brunner for instance) or are taking their time writing it right (Delany). Only Silverberg, whom years of hackwork has made solvent, can afford to write really topflight stuff.

Good treatment of the year in fanzines. You've pinned down the trends and fad extremely well. Yep, serconism is dying a slow death, to our regret, and soon sf will be one minor subject rather than our raison d'être.

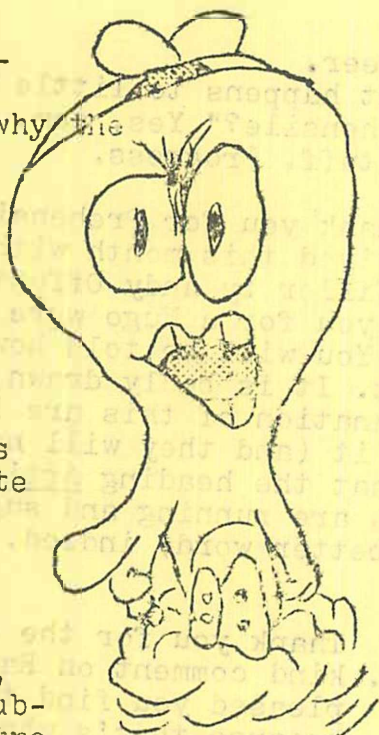
As for your "mighty sercon team" of reviewers, I just can't see it. Pauls is a damn fine reviewer and fairly consistent, but he too often writes reviews that are just good enough. Walker I always considered to be an idiot; I could never stand his SFR pieces, especially the short ones. Bleh. Even when I agreed with him (as in his review of At the Edge of the World) I thought he overdid it. Patten's blind spot towards fantasy (especially that incredible review of Zothique) raised my ire more than once, and nobody ever agrees with Delap (though he isn't too bad). Give me Jeffs Clark and Smith over any one of them.

----You're welcome to them. Listen to what Leon Taylor wrote:

"...That's why reviews fascinate me so, I guess. In them you have the opportunity to really bring in all sorts of diverse matters... and all just to answer the damn question 'Why?'. WHY is this character so popular? WHY does the author like this one phrase? WHY such a weird name? If you think that every literary work has an innumerable number of influences going into it, you begin to see that even the poorest of an Ace Double is verily a motherlode. And so creative, man. And so stunning. It's like every time you review a work you are doing experiments in a field where no man has set his foot before...and the world's all yours. And -- if you're honest, really truthful, you discover something about yourself and you help other people discover themselves. A critic is even a liberator, by God. My biggest fault as a reviewer is that I don't ask 'Why?' enough. You have to keep asking until you reach the lowest level you can go...and then you can put it together and freak out on the altogether kaliedoscope. But not many people realize what a joy reviewing, or any other sort of writing can be..."

Taylor is onto the key, one that those several SFR reviewers have/had. Not that they always used it. But certainly they used it more often and better than 90% of fan reviewers, especially the two you prefer. And me. And you. And Richard Wadholm, mostly.

Wadholm's piece on multimedia literature is quite good; it would indeed be fine to see taped novels, or theme music, or such. But most of it



It's unth...
schmuck...
YOU that...
their...
cones all...
over people...
fanzine...

Schallers
71

is a long time comin' as Crosby would say.

As for A CLOCKWORK ORANGE; I haven't seen it yet, but I won't miss it. But I've seen clips, and I can't see where you criticize making the thing a comedy. Is something like CATCH-22 any less horrible for its hilarity? I would think it would make it worse, in some ways. As for Alex's character, I'll have to wait for the movie; but consider that it's nearly impossible to delineate character even half as well in a movie as you can in the printed page. And the word I hear is that Burgess is more than pleased with Kubrick's version.

----Let's not equivocate, all right? Catch-22 had a deliberately eerie tone; the humor is the surface feature with the glorious incongruities of the likes of Minderbinder, the Bologna raid, etc. The serious, horrible features prod the reader from behind the shield of this wit. In A Clockwork Orange, I have difficulty remembering any humor at all -- if there was any -- for it was in all aspects a very grinding and horrendous book.

STEPHEN GREGG

PO Box 193

Sandy Springs, SC
29677

Herewith, one snappy letter:

It is Hugo time, isn't it? And you did list your preferences, didn't you? Only seems to follow that I list mine.

I see where The World Inside is eligible for a Hugo after all. ((No -- LACON ruling says it, Traveler in Black, and Operation Chaos are ineligible.)) Unfortunately, my ballot is already in. So that's at least one vote Silverberg lost due to the mixup.. Also at least readable this past year were: Jack of Shadows, Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards, The Wrong End of Time, and The Second Trip.

Novella: "Bodies" by Disch is definitely #1. Also, "The Fourth Profession" by John Brunner. Perhaps "The Infinity Box" by Wilhelm -- I just bought Orbit 2 and haven't finished it. And Pg Wyals "Side Effect."

Short Story: On top, "Home Again, Home Again" by Gordon Eklund. Also: "West Wind, Falling" by Eklund and Benford; "The Toy Theater" by Gene Wolfe; "No Direction Home" Norman Spinrad; "Feathers From the Wings of an Angel" by Thomas Disch.

I think that Schalles' stuff must be a bad dream. I truly don't see why everyone is running his stuff. Oh, well.

Your mimeography seems to have improved a good bit with #2. There's not a single page in my copy which is at all difficult to read. I guess the type of ink was the only problem -- not lack of concern or time as I've seen others suggest.

Eternity should be along sometime in March. At the moment I'm waiting on 2 or 3 of the columns to finish it up.

DALE DONALDSON

Post Office Box C

Bellevue, Wash.

98009

Prehensile Two -- Much, much better.

Handily Produced.

Tch!

Yep!

And even well done, yet.

Pleased to pay a buck for the next four.

PERRY CHAPDELAIN

Rt. 4 Box 137

Franklin, Tenn.

37064

Your "We're All Bozos On This Bus" damn good write-up. Tony, my oldest boy, opened the one we had here.

Read your analysis at the same time we listened to the record. Don't think we'd have understood the

record without your analysis. We've got the DWARFS

tape, used, in good condition, for sale for \$2.49, but no takers locally.

LANE LAMBERT
RT 2 Bruce Rd.
Boaz, ALA
35957

Gee, it's been a while since I've reacted more vigorously to a single issue. Quite frankly, a few of the comments in Pre 2 really piqued me. This also saddened me, because I know that the negative attitude you've been displaying lately has not always been a part of you. Yes, I'm referring to your fanzine comments and your unnecessary vendetta against New York fanzines and Arnie, their archetype.

I'd hate to think your ire is still fed by that bad review Arnie gave to you lo these many monthhs ago. I'm afraid your Hugo comments show this: a line like "...stinking fanzine reviews notwithstanding..." shouts it. That's a purely subjective statement: if you feel that way ay least add examples of clarification so we'll know something of your basis for the reaction...

Surely you don't resent the advent of fannishness in more than token quantity!

----Well, Lane, if I am carrying on a vendetta against New York genzines (when did Katz become archetype for Locus, Luna, and the Linnzer pbs.?) by nominating FP for a Hugo, what do I have to do to display neutrality or balance -- deliver the Hugos to their (the Katzes) door and sing a passage from Wagner in happiness for them?

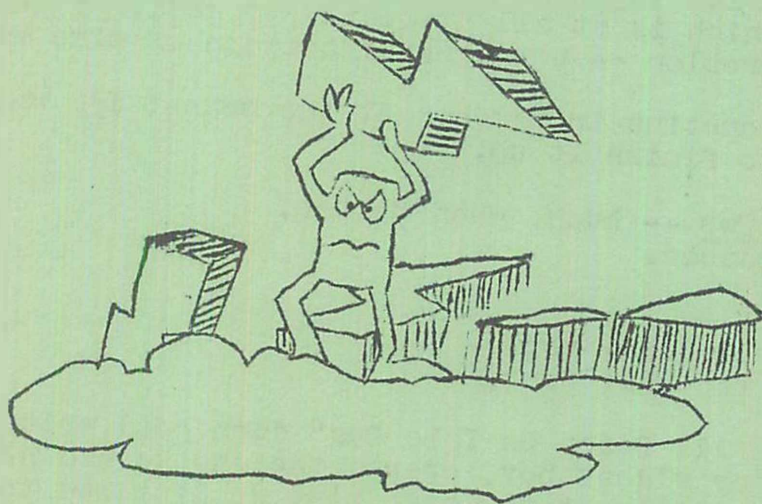
Although I have experienced but two of the subjects for the reviews I can readily react to those.

"Hellstrom" was hardly the kind of movie I'd recommend for Saturday night dates...Yeah, I objected to the commercialism and even more to the intentionally exaggerated Portent Of The Future. Thoroughly interesting, yes, but it would have been much more pleasant if the admission had been charged to science classes rather than movie audiences.

Ummm... "Bozos" ... I am compelled to be Frash. 'Abaja' is the Spanish word for 'bees', not bosotros. The form you should catch from the album is 'Vosotros'. That's what two years of elementary Spanish and a trip to the bilingual dictionary showed me, anyway.

Harry Morris should know that comparing fannish cartooning to 'conventional standards' is like dividing by zero. How can one compare the work of Rotsler or Kunkel to, say, Gaughan's Interiors for Ave? They're two different animals. (This is aside from the fact that there is, of course, Good Art and Bad Art in any artistsic genre.)

The relative quality of art always affects the reader's estimation of the text, regardless of the fact that this reaction is partially subconscious. While a page of text with no illustrations is simply read, and while a poor or inappropriate illo will decrease the text's total impact, a good, appropriate illo will add dimension to the reader's literary experience

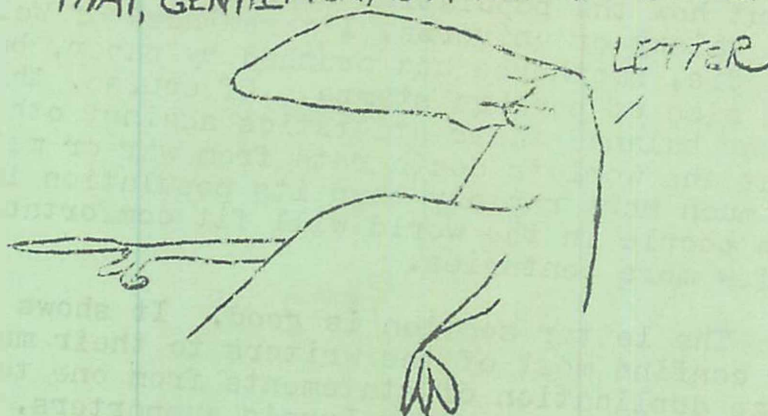


HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD.
21740

Your Hugo nomination pages...
make me realize how little I've

read of all the stuff I should have tried to read in recent months. Moreover, I thought for a while I'd read part of one of your novel nominations, then remembered it was something else by the same writer that I actually encountered in one of the prozines I read last year. About the only thing that causes me to read prozines nowadays is the knowledge that I'll be attending a con soon and should be aware of the current status of the

THAT, GENTLEMEN, IS A HARRY WARNER LETTER



prozines that people will be talking about at the con. I don't have any intentions of heading for Los Angeles this summer and it's a little soon to start boning up for the Torcon where I hope to be. I saw only one of your dramatic presentation selections, the Omega Man, although I can't be blamed for the failure of Clockwork Orange to show in Hagerstown up to now. I'm familiar with all the fanzines but the fanzine field has grown so varied in recent years that I don't feel myself capable of saying that any five are the best; it's too hard to compare a good newszine like Locus with a faanish publication and a fanzine that emphasizes beautiful art and layout and the one that concentrates on the best critical writing and where does that leave a publication like Munich Round-Up which has hardly any United States readers but virtues no English language publication can offer such as spectacular photo montages? On my own fanwriter status: technically I requested a worldcon committee to keep my name out of contention only once, the year after I won the Hugo. I've made it plain that the Hugo is so rare and fan writers are so many that the award really ought to go to a different person every year. But I've been afraid to withdraw officially each year with a public announcement because that would sound too much like the behavior of that worst of all persons, the fellow who doth protest too much. I don't want to be accused of politicking for votes by falsely implying that I'm too good for others to have a chance if I don't withdraw. So I wouldn't pull a George Scott if I should be nominated and came out first some future year, but I'd still feel guilty as all get out over it.

The book review section is good, blessedly free from the synopsis-disguised-as-review. Richard Wadholm's dream about high quality comic books is one I've long cherished. There's no conceivable reason why graphic stories shouldn't succeed as an art form, from the standpoint of aesthetics. But publishing costs would be so high that the pioneering ventures would need the aid of ungreedy writers and artists; no publisher could make the project pay if he paid them a king's ransom and still footed the production costs and battled the lack of a ready market for this unknown art form.

---Wadholm was told by William Nolan that during the 1950s a large number of Bradbury stories were illustrated and published. Nolan has a complete collection of the color run, though others were also published in b & w. Graphic stories are already enjoying great currency. Fred Latten is the head of Graphic Stories Bookshop in this area and comes to each LASFS meeting with new many-colored graphic story hardbacks. Mainly imports, though, and comic book-like.

It isn't Percy Chapdelaine's fault, but every time I read an article about how the population explosion will use up all the other planets in the galaxy or universe, I'm reminded of Walt Willis' proof that we'll all die, smothered and crushed by paper, because of constant growth in the size of postage stamps. Of course, the population doom articles never balance their statistics against other statistics. I could prove that the world's death rate from war or motor vehicles has been growing so much more rapidly than its population in the past century that all the people in the world will fit comfortably on Catalina Island within a few more centuries.

The letter section is good. It shows evidence of skillful editing to confine most of the writers to their more telling points and to minimize duplication of statements from one to another. You could put me down as one of Loretta Lynn's supporters. Just recently I've grown quite fond of country music after being a snob for so long in this respect. I don't see any reason for considering the songs of a Loretta Lynn or Johnny Cash inferior to "real" folk music because they're new and written for the modern public's tastes and inspired by the urge to make money. I think that "real" folk music comes from songs written by individuals in just the same way and for similar motives and the fact that these composed songs came into being so long ago that nobody remembers the names of their authors and composers shouldn't make them somehow more meritorious. I put no faith in the theory that real folk music springs up by some sort of spontaneous generation with a dozen or a hundred or a thousand persons having a hand in the creation of a melody, and I think the many versions in which some old songs come down to us prove the uncertainty of memory during the decades or centuries when the songs were learned by rote, not a mysterious evolutionary process leading to the perfect song a couple of millenia hence. Dan Goodman's little description of the difference between a faaanish-run and sercon-run worldcon amused me immensely.

The art is good, and I don't see much evidence of the poor tracing that several people complained about in the letter section. One very small suggestion: those small filler illustrations usually look better if a bit of free space is left between the edges of the drawings and the type... The cover is funny (funny haha, not funny lock up your little daughter) and I can imagine this as the first in a long series of equally entertaining drawings of a tourist's view of fan country.

GRANT CANFIELD
28 Atalaya Terrace
San Fransisco, Cal.
94117

Many thanks for the copy of Frederick 2 you sent me. And many thanks for including me in your list of Hugo Nominations. I thought it was interesting, however, that you said "Looks familiar, doesn't it? Pretty much the same bunch of fa artists gets nominated every year." Alicia, of course, won the Hugo last year, and Tim Kirk the year before that. I have never been nominated, myself... this is my first year on anybody's nominating list. I'm not sure, but I don't think Jim Schull has been nominated before either.

You also said you had thought of nominating Schalles or Faddis or DiFate, "just to be different". Whatever your reasons, I personally think Connie Faddis is one of the outstanding artists in fandom, and deserves consideration for that reason alone.

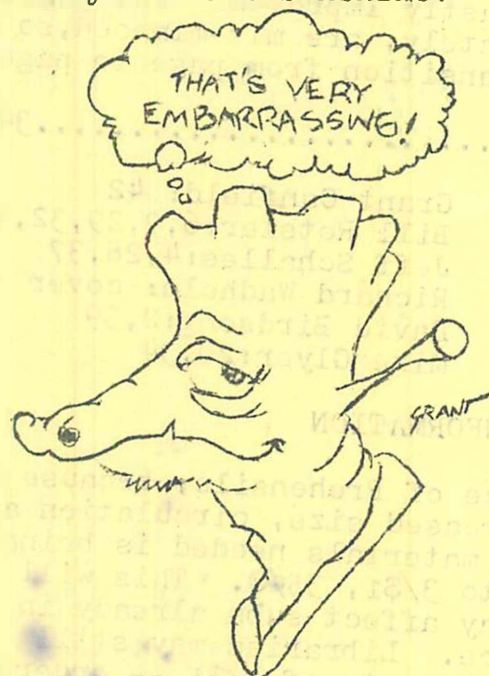
----Your remark about the prior non-nomination of yourself and Jim Shull

is correct, but I was trying to acknowledge that by saying the list looks pretty much the same -- not exactly the same. One must concede that no other nominating category has such constant similarity 3 out of 5 annual returnees, though if my list bears out fanzines would be the same way this year.

WILLIAM ROTSLER
8420 Ridpath Drive
Los Angeles, Calif.
90046

You stencil badly. That will always make artists shy away from you. It does me. Either learn the skill, get someone else to do it, use electro-stencils or shoot yourself.

If there are cartoons in this letter it's because I will have had time, if not, shoot yourself. A fanzine without Rotsler cartoons is like a day without sunshine. Strike that. Then shoot yourself.



I'm glad someone (Wadholm? Who he?) is going to explain the Harry Warner thing. Maybe then I'll understand it. I started doing cartoons one day and picked the man that was in my opinion least likely to write obscene letters of comment and acted as if he did. It also AMAZES me that he answers all those fanzines. The only reason I'm writing this is that if I don't I'll have to go back to editing the negative on my latest feature, and that's a drag. Maybe I should shoot myself.

---- I wish I could edit the negative out of your letter. BANG. Sorry, Bill, I missed.

TOM MULLEN
PO Box 409
Whitehouse Stn., NJ
08889

I think that the Dramatic Presentation (Hugo) should be changed to Media Work, or maybe broken

up so that records like To Our Childrens Childrens Children (Moody Blues) could get as much consideration as most films do. I'd also like to see a nonfiction category for books like The Lost Worlds of 2001.

---- BANG. Missed again. Actually, Tom, to indulge in a fannish sport of toying semantically with words, Media Work as a title would lump together every current category into two (fan and pro) as, unless McLuhanists care to correct me, media is a general term as in "medium of communication." I think, also, that the current group of fans who nominate records for Hugos is doing a powerful job towards reeducating the attitudes of Hugo balloteers, making it feasible for a record someday to win. On the other hand, a new Hugo for nonfiction may come about within a few years due to the growth of prozine-published and hardback-published criticism.

---- I wish I could get a loc from Coulson, Goodman, Lapidus, Stathis a Hächberg for this section as well, but even without their words this column still runs nine pages. Because of Locus, their consciences, or traded fmz, WAHF: Florence Jenkins, Kenneth Faig, Sean Summers, William Nolan, IL Caruthers, George Senda, Jay Freeman, Robert Moore Williams, the Luttrells, Dan Goodman, Don Fitch.

PREHENSILE 3

LOGAN'S RUN--

BOTH SIDES NOW

table of malcontents

GALACTIC JIVE TALES.....2

Statement of the editor about universe-spanning jive. This time concerned with how 'both sides' were obtained, repro, etc.

FREE FORM by WILLIAM F. NOLAN.....5

Transcript of a speech on SF history, Logan's Run, movie producers, and the young adult of today. Presented to an audience of librarians at the downtown LAPL and three unreformed genziners.

JOHNSON'S WALK by JULIAN REID.....12

Donated by George Clayton Johnson, this satirizes the Logan novel, Johnson's writing, and a few things I'll leave up to you.

THE BOOK OF CANUCK by R. WADHOLM.19

The only meaningful thing about which all fandom can be plunged into war -- whether IPA or Coor's is better -- is handled here, with dedicated 7-up smoker Wadholm placed at the center. Mike Glicksohn says Falstaff is going to take over IPA (Ballantine's) and discontinue it. Tuff!

THE VIEW FROM GROUND ZERO.....22

Wadholm's column leads off the book section with commentary on the state of the prozines. To sub or not to sub? (That is a bad pun...)

REVIEWS: 23-27

Jack of Shadows, Silent Running reviewed by Wadholm. Holding Wonder reviewed by Glycer.

*MIKE GLYER editor *
*RICHARD WADHOLM book reviews ed. *
*BRYAN COLES assistant editor *
JUDITH TETOVE ya librarian, sylmar

FLORENCE JENKINS REVIEWS FANZINES P.29

Florence's column is expanded and vastly improved. The pages, unfortunately, are mis-mimeographed, so watch transition from page to page.

FANIVORE.....34

Artists: Grant Canfield: 42
Bill Rotsler: 6, 9, 29, 32, 40
Jeff Schalles: 4, 28, 37
Richard Wadholm: cover
David Birdsong: 2, 39
Mike Glycer: 20, 34

INFORMATION

The price of Prehensile, because of the increased size, circulation and type of materials needed is being raised to 3/\$1, 35¢. This will in no way affect subs already in existence. Libraries may still sub at the rate of 4/\$1 -- orders should come on library stationery. This zine is still available for lacs, trades, contris, etc. It's not the cost of printing them that kills me, but of mailing them. I am still willing to sell them at 25¢ if you happen to see me with a stack; however, most subbers are unaffected by this. 14974 Osceola Street, Sylmar, Calif. 91342.

COMING NEXT ISSUE

Chauvin, Taylor, Stoker, Moore, and Schweitzer on Zelazny. Info release on the Science Fiction Foundation. Arthur Clarke's speech at USC. Slaughterhouse 5 review.

WHY YOU GOT THIS::: See inside on page 18. This is the March 1972 issue. Please review. 175 printed.